The Saturday Review of Literature

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THE FIRST FIVE READERS

HEYWOOD BROUN • HENRY SEIDEL CANBY • DOROTHY CANFIELD
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY • WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

submit their advance reports on the important Fall books

THERE WAS A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN *by Clarence Day*

"THE LEES OF VIRGINIA" *Reviewed by Douglas Southall Freeman*

"DWIGHT MORROW" *Reviewed by Franz Schneider*

Feature Reviews by John Mason Brown, Howard Mumford Jones, Allan Nevins, Stephen Vincent Benét, Bernard DeVoto, and News Pictures by Robert Disraeli

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER

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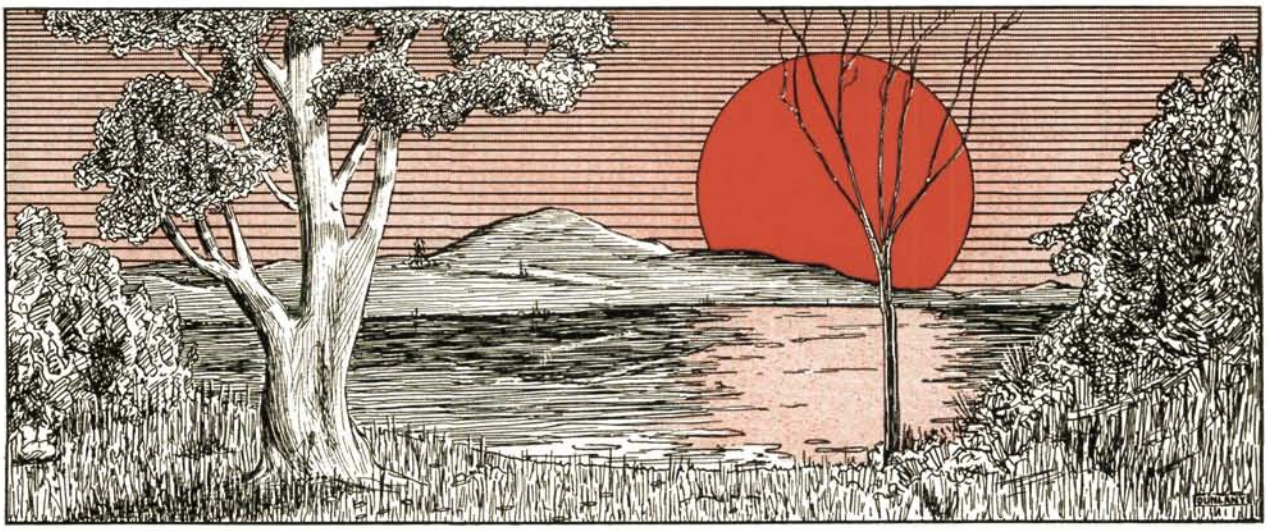

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The First Five Readers

Advance reports on the important Fall books, submitted by the Judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club

HEYWOOD BROUN, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, DOROTHY CANFIELD, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

The Five Judges who make the selections for the Book-of-the-Month Club have unusual advance information about books. To them are sent, often in galley sheets, and often also several months before publication, copies of substantially all books of importance and of general interest published in the United States. In the case of English books, and sometimes of French and German books, they see copies before they have been set up in type by the American publishers. They are a month or more ahead of the general reader on the season's books, having read by October those which will not be published until November or later. Aware of their unusual opportunity to comment on forthcoming books, The Saturday Review *has asked them to express an informal opinion on the books which have interested them most in this Fall season. In their reports, the titles not yet published are marked by an asterisk.*—The Editors.

Mr. White:

TO me the function of a member of a committee to select books to be chosen for the Book-of-the-Month is not entirely or even chiefly a literary function. In going at my task each month, which is no task but a delight, I try to pick that book for award which, it seems to me, will most exactly suit our customers. I visualize our readers as composed of about three groups: Twenty per cent highly sophisticated who like books well written, who are interested in the way of saying things rather than in what is said. This small group doesn't seem to mind a little dab of dirt here and there if it is cleverly applied and artistically necessary to the picture the author is trying to make. The other twenty per cent is at the bottom of the scale. Readers in this quota want something snappy. They are the kind who like their music "quick and devilish," who want their pictures to tell a story, who want the hero and the heroine to marry in the end and no nonsense about it, but who nevertheless like to have a book now and then "a little too deep" for them on the center table to impress high-brow visitors. The other sixty per cent, lying between these sophisticated and unsophisticated zones, I visualize as average, intelligent Americans, mostly of the professional class, teachers, preachers, lawyers, doctors, and their wives and children in college. I assume they are college-bred people or the equivalent, men and women who have trained their attention so that they can read a book which they don't like, who know something of the artistic currents of the times, are occasionally interested in politics, and are familiar with the common modern classics of the English tongue. These people, the great mass of our Book-of-the-Month subscribers, I feel like wholesome books. By that I mean books in which for the most part what is said is more important than the way it is said, provided the sentences parse and the style is not too involved. And when I pick a book, that is the crowd I am aiming at.

With that explanation of my idea of my function, I can proceed with my recollection of the year's books which I have seen. I have not always agreed with the majority which has picked the book of the month. Certainly I have not always picked for my choice the book I enjoyed most. Indeed the three books I enjoyed most in this year's list were not chosen for the Book-of-the-Month. "The Stars Looked Down," by A. J. Cronin, was my idea of a fine novel. And a good yarn, an unusually good yarn, was MacKinlay Kantor's "The Voice of Bugle Ann"; and "The Autobiography of Earth," by John H. Bradley, seemed to me a splendid book of popular science. I chuckled over Clarence Day's "Life with Father" and felt that it would make a fine offering and was pleased when it was chosen. "Honey in the Horn," by H. L. Davis, was good fun, a series of rather disjointed but highly amusing episodes. It was hardly a series of short stories—being cast as a novel—but I liked it. "Pier Seventeen," by Walter Havighurst, kept me up after midnight. William Seabrook's "Asylum" would never do for a Book-of-the-Month for its appeal was limited. Yet I have given away three or four copies with sheer delight to people who should read them. To me it seems a grand bit of entertainment—and important in its way. Stefan Zweig's "Mary, Queen of Scotland and the Isles" I thought was rather below his "Marie Antoinette." "Our Lords and Masters,"* by "Unofficial Observer,' was due to be a popular book. But some way not for me! I guessed the author in the second chapter. I like Frederick Allen's "Lords of Creation."* Which is, as I remember it, an account of the Coolidge bull market. But I didn't think it was as good a book for a retail mail order book business as Mr. Allen's "Only Yesterday." I voted for "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" for two reasons: First, because there is a gay bit of prussic acid wisdom in every page; and second, because it was a reprint of a book that sold for $20,000 a copy. That of itself ought to make it popular.

Some way I didn't get out of Ellen Glasgow's "Vein of Iron" what the reviewers seemed to read into it. To me it was a straightaway story of modern stresses bearing down upon people who had come out of other days and times with other ideals to baffle them in their struggle with today's problems. I liked Esther Forbes's "Miss Marvel" tremendously, better than any of her other books. It was real without conscious realism—a lovely story. And to me its somber end was not tragedy, but victory. Thomas Boyd's "Poor John Fitch" I felt was special pleading for the man who probably did do as much to bring the steamboat into civilization as Robert Fulton. But fame has made her award, and I saw no reason why we should be buying a book which challenges fame—even justly. Alas, who cares.

In "Doctor Ibrahim"* John Knittel presents a fine background novel. But the background, Egypt under the British, is vastly more interesting than the waxworks men who make its cast of principal characters. Rockwell Kent's "Salamina"* is also a background adventure story, vivid, happy, at times gorgeous. But again here was a book of limited ap-

Next Week

MARK TWAIN
By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

NOTES AS VICE PRESIDENT
By CHARLES G. DAWES
Reviewed by Frank Kent

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peal. It was my kind of a book perhaps as Seabrook's "Asylum" is, but it was not for the bulk of our readers. I have probably had more delight out of Willa Cather's books in the last quarter of a century than out of any other contemporary writer. To me "My Antonia" and "The Lost Lady" are top, all-time highs for American novels. But somehow I didn't lose my heart to Lucy Gayheart. When she went down in the ice I wasn't moved to rescue her. She had no other place to go. So that's too bad, but still just that.

"Old Jules"* by Mari Sandoz, on the other hand, another Nebraska story located one hundred and fifty miles northwest of the habitat of Miss Cather's heroines, gave me undiluted joy. Here was a man with his warts on. A grand old skirt-chasing, double-crossing, hard-boiled, sentimental, pig-headed, bull-hearted, man-killing, wife-beating, dog-loving, hard-riding, flint-fisted, tight-handed pioneer, but yet a man! And how true he has been painted in this book. If we could have had Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett and Sam Houston painted with such unsparing and merciless love, these men would have been vastly more understandable than they are today. "Old Jules" by rights should typify the pioneer of the plains, and the book about him to me seemed a real achievement. Though it probably has small literary value, and I do not predict for it a wide sale. There is too much burr on the story to go down smoothly.

Of the autobiography of the year I liked Harold Stearns's book "The Street I Know"* best. Though, of course, "The War Memoirs of Robert Lansing" will interest statesmen more and perhaps be better known fifty years from now. Of course, Allan Nevins's "Biography of Abram Hewitt"* is a fine piece of work, scholarly, intelligent, meticulously fair, and Arthur Styron's "Castiron Man"* pictures Calhoun more or less with the bark on. Burton Hendrick did a competent job with "The Lees of Virginia," important too. Of the reminiscent books, I should say the best is Marguerite Harrison's, "There's Always Tomorrow," the story of a varied life that included experience in Russian jails. In contrast to it is "We Who Are About to Die," by David Lamson, of the Stanford University Press, who was convicted of murdering his wife and placed in the condemned row at the State Penitentiary at San Quentin, California, to await death. It is a real human document, though it was written as a potboiler to help Lamson get money for his lawyers. But it is creepy enough for the most fastidious horror lover.

Two good Western novels are "Brothers Three," by John Oskison, an Oklahoma tale, well told, and "Second Growth," a Michigan novel in Arthur Pound's best manner. "God Shakes Creation,"* by David Cohn is a good story of the South, and "The Texas Ranger"* by Walter Prescott Webb, is what its title indicates and a most interesting story.

Looking back on the year's lot, I should say that if there was any trend it was from over-sophistication toward books that appeal to the common man. They mirror America's attitude toward life and the times—the hard times. We are getting used to hard times. Perhaps we shall come really to enjoy them. Next year's book list will reveal that—maybe.

E. B. White

Mr. Broun:

OUT of the long list which lies before me I prefer to select a few books which commanded my greatest interest. The test is probably to choose those which I remember even after many others have flowed under the dam. Without question the book of the year which I liked most is "Life with Father," by Clarence Day.

For more than a generation I have been screaming that almost all books, and particularly novels, are far too long. This may be merely the parochial point of view of a man trained in newspaper offices. And yet I think that mathematical maxims should have some weight in literature and that a straight line is not only the shortest distance between two points but also the best formula for telling a story.

Somebody may check me up at this point to say that "Life with Father" is not a story but a series of sketches. My answer is that I find a coherence and a current in these detached pieces which are now gathered together between covers. If Clarence Day had said to himself, "I will sit down and do a novel based upon my recollections of the home in which I lived during my childhood," he might have written a more pretentious book but it would have been no more revealing, no more complete as a full length portrait. Indeed, I could wish that the technique of Clarence Day might find imitators among the vast army of semi-autobiographical novelists of our time.

Another book which stands out in my memory is "The Circus of Dr. Lao," by Charles G. Finney. This again does not fall neatly into any formula. It is the strange tale of a visiting showman who tried to bring the figures of mythology to a little tankwater town in Arizona. It is a mixture of farce, of robust ribaldry with more than a touch of poetic concept.

The publishers have said that they liked the book but that they could not undertake to say what it is all about. I think I know. I will hazard a guess. "The Circus of Dr. Lao" undertakes to set forth the fact that human kind is afraid to look beauty straight in the face. It freezes us to stone just as the Medusa did.

I would like also to put in a special plea for that ill-titled novel of Mexican life, "The Wedge." I am at a loss to understand what prompted Hermann B. Deutsch to choose such a nondescript label for his vastly exciting tale of the adolescence of Mexico and of a certain boy.

In speaking for the shorter type of novel I must make an exception in favor of Ellen Glasgow's "Vein of Iron." Here is a piece of narrative done in the best manner of the old tradition. I am impatient with those critics who point out the indubitable fact that Miss Glasgow is not keenly aware of all the economic and political currents which are fermenting in this nation at the moment. Indeed the novel is admittedly a plea for the old order. The mere fact that I do not believe in the old order does not blind me to the eloquence, the charm, and the consummate skill of "Vein of Iron." I could mention other books, but here are my favorites.

P. S.—I think George Seldes's "Freedom of the Press" is the most important book of the year, but that opens up an entirely separate line of approach.

Heywood Broun

Mr. Canby:

IT is always a pleasure to remember one's recent reading; or should I say try to remember, since it is remarkable how nature takes care of the mediocre book. Read it, and forget, or rather let the forgetting take care of itself as it certainly will. But the good books stick.

My assignment covers fewer titles than the lists of the other Judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club, since in May and June I was out of the mail's reach. And I intend to leave out of this brief notice any reference to the books already chosen by The Book-of-the-Month, sent out, and abundantly publicized. Also to "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" and Santayana's remarkable "The Last Puritan"* which I shall review at length in these columns when it is published.

I differ sharply from the many critics who think that "Lucy Gayheart" is one of Miss Cather's lesser books. It is one of her smaller books, but size has nothing to do with merit. I think that Miss Cather is tired of what Scott used to call the big bow-wow in fiction. She knows that the most dramatic situations are simple, the most interesting people by nature apparently simple until life forces its complexities upon them. And she has the inestimable gift of telling a story simply, which is an utterly different thing from writing a simple story. I should back her simple books, which seem like long short stories,

(*Continued on page* 32)

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A New Kind of Biography

THE LEES OF VIRGINIA. Biography of a Family. By Burton J. Hendrick. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1935. $3.75.

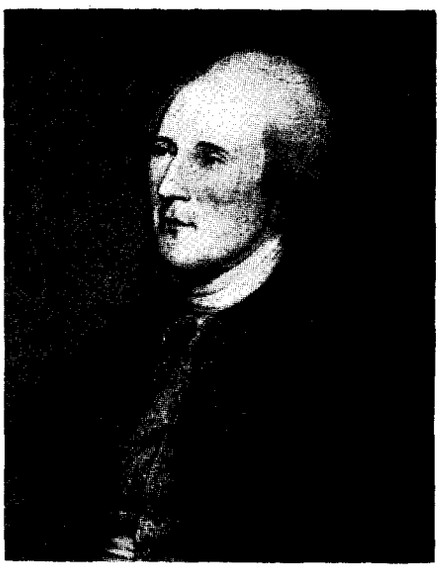
Reviewed by DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN

THE *Postal Guide* is the American *Burke's Peerage*. The harried shipping clerk may thumb the unimaginative pages of the *Guide* to ascertain from which rural Paris his customer has ordered a pair of socks, but when a deliberate historian sits down to discover the extent to which a professed democracy has been influenced by concepts of aristocracy, he will find that volume his chief source book. American place names are as positive an index to social ideals as to racial origin or political sympathy. From about 1830, they are, in large part, a roster of the generals under whom the first settlers fought, of the statesmen whose opinions they respected, and of the great families they esteemed or counted among their forebears.

Close to forty postoffices in the United States are styled Adams or its derivatives. Nearly fifty are Lee or its compounds. Allowing for exceptions in those cases where the names were given in honor of men who claimed no kinship to the Massachusetts Adamses or the Virginia Lees, the nexus in most instances is so definite that, were there no other consideration, the prevalence of these names would of itself be justification for James Truslow Adams's "The Adams Family" (1930) and for Burton Hendrick's ninth published work, his new, scholarly, and finely-executed "The Lees of Virginia."

From 1649, when Richard Lee "the emigrant" became Secretary of State for the Colony of Virginia, until 1898, when General Fitzhugh Lee was spokesman for the United States in the events that preceded American intervention in Cuba, there was no period of more than three decades in which their family was not conspicuous in public affairs; and in the greatest upheavals of these 250 years, the Lees were at the top of turmoil. Mr. Hendrick covers virtually the whole of these two centuries and a half, with a clear sense of historical values, and he nowhere permits himself to be caught in any morass of genealogy. Throughout he has complete mastery of his source material which for some of the Lees is distressingly scant and, for General R. E. Lee, embarrassing in its abundance.

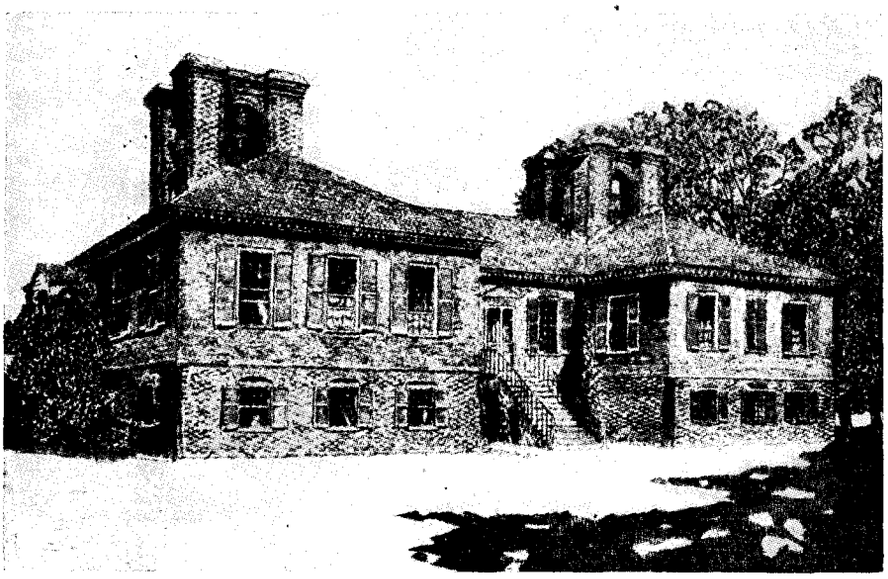
With sound judgment, Mr. Hendrick has centered his narrative around the "Stratford" and "Leesylvania" branches of the family, though this has compelled him to give no more than casual mention to other lines of Lees who exerted a wide if not profound influence on American politics and, what may have been more important, on American manners. For this frontispiece Mr. Hendrick rightly chose an excellent portrait of "President" Thomas Lee (1690-1750). This remarkable man, about whose life we know far too little, begot a larger number of highly intelligent sons than any other American father ever has. Two of these sons were signers of the Declaration of Independence, Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot Lee; two others, William and Arthur Lee, were among the foremost diplomatists of the American revolution. The youngest of the six, Arthur Lee, has most intrigued Mr. Hendrick's interest and because of the complexity of the negotiations in which he was engaged in Europe, has commanded more of the author's space than any other of the family. For the first time Arthur Lee emerges as a personality, devoted yet suspicious, assigned to a task that demanded the suavest coöperation yet plagued by odd prejudices and excessive individualism. He probably is not maligned in the Virginia folk-story that describes how, when he was caught with a complete stranger under a tree in a downpour, he fell into a violent quarrel and barely avoided a physical encounter because he hotly disputed his companion's casual remark that the rain was a heavy one.



ARTHUR LEE, 1740-1792
From the portrait by Charles Wilson Peale

The "Leesylvania" branch receives somewhat less attention at Mr. Hendrick's hands than do the Lees of "Stratford." This doubtless is because the two most eminent descendants of Henry Lee the first (1691-1747) were "Light Horse Harry" Lee and General R. E. Lee, whose careers are familiar. Nevertheless, I could wish that more emphasis had been placed on the contribution these handsome and gracious members of the family made to the social life of the South. I have to dissent, also, from some parts of Mr. Hendrick's interpretation of General R. E. Lee, though, in the very same sentence, I would pay tribute to his sincerity.

By their well-articulated treatment of two of the greatest American families, Mr. Hendrick and Mr. Adams, in their respective books, have opened a new field of biographical study. Development of that field may yield a new appraisal of the influence of aristocracy on our national life. There may be more to the story than most of us have assumed.



STRATFORD HALL ON THE POTOMAC
Built by Thomas Lee about 1730; *home of the Revolutionary Lees and birthplace of Robert E. Lee. Etching by Richard Thomas Walker. Pictures on this page from "The Lees of Virginia."*

Douglas S. Freeman is the editor of the Richmond News Leader. *His biography of Robert E. Lee, recently awarded the Pulitzer Prize, was acclaimed by critics so authoritative a study as to make any other life for some time to come a work of supererogation.*

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Wild Oranges

GOLDEN APPLES. By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THERE is a tenderness in Mrs. Rawlings's novels of the Florida orange country that may outlast the psychopathic hate with which other Southern writers have lifted the despised Cracker into literature. Her books explain, what is a mystery in others, why the poor white loves his soil, why, indeed, he is worth writing about at all except as a psychological phenomenon. Florida, a country made distasteful by its advertising, becomes again in her stories the land that stirred Bartram's imagination, and through him Coleridge. The hammocks, the lakes, the rivers, the ibis, are an atmosphere, a spiritual environment, beautiful, difficult, inescapable, like the so different Wessex of Hardy.

And, with no trace of sentimentality, she has a gift for the idyllic. Her Luke and Allie, orphans left on their own resources in the wilderness, are like the strong sour fruit and delicate blossom of the wild orange. The sap of the wild hammock runs in them also. The bloom and frost and recovery of their dangerous contacts with life are part of a rhythm of nature which the orange tree knows.

This novel has a theme much more metaphysical, and incidents more melodramatic, than this cycle of nature, but it is the brother and sister, the sun and frost, that make it good. Tordell, the remittance man from England, who comes to live with them on his family's land where they have squatted, is an interesting variant of the villain seducer who learns through his own mistakes what it is to have a heart. Dr. Albury, who compensates by good deeds for spoiling his half-mad son, Camilla who fights for her great orchards like a mother against the kidnapping frost, and the Crackers of the settlement, are right enough. And they all serve to expound the thesis of the novel, which is that not even love can protect against injustice and frustration, but only the sense that vitality goes on past the individual, past the hope, and past the defeat, making experience still worth while for the strong-willed, clear-sighted, who have escaped. It is a sound thesis, yet I could wish that Mrs. Rawlings had not labored it. It is implicit in Luke who, after his sister's death in a premature confinement, takes a poor-white half wit to wife so that his bodily needs will not interfere with his passionate will that sweet oranges shall grow upon the stubs of the sour wild orange of the wilderness. It is implicit in Allie, with her hair like fur and her tawny skin, fragile, unblaming, a willing sacrifice. The "furriner" and the orange people from the planted lands, and the metaphysics of love and compensation, cumber a story which so long as it is simple is superb.

MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS

The Prosperity Era

FORTUNE. By Robert Raynolds. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THIS is a novel in which three or four characters are discriminatingly depicted, a novel from which a certain number of beautiful prose passages could be extracted, and a novel out of which various informal essays on nature, fecundity, American social progress, and other topics could be taken without damage to the story. One of these characters, Jim, the workingman, I should single out for special praise, nor are the members of his family without merit, being sharply realized and sympathetically drawn. Unfortunately Jim appears only at intervals, the larger portion of the book exhibiting life among the well-to-do in the Prosperity Era, with the usual complement of fornications and adulteries which have become standard in describing that remote epoch. Mr. Raynolds is an honest, if uneven and occasionally imitative, craftsman—in which connection one notes a dedication to Thomas Wolfe, "my generation's treasure." This infelicitous phrase is the measure of Mr. Raynolds's uncertain style. If he is capable of lyrical prose, he is also capable of such a sentence as: "Soon, all through the great house it had begun to be what many of the guests called 'a swell party'; that is, the music, the chatter, the dancing, and the drinking were being merrily done."

Apparently Mr. Raynolds's intention was to present on two levels the fortunes of modern Americans in a New Jersey manufacturing city, one level being that of the workingman's family and the other

Pinchot

ROBERT RAYNOLDS

that of the country club set. For me the country club set lacked interest because I have met most of them before. But this seems not to have been all of Mr. Raynolds's artistic purpose. He also tried to give a changing panorama of the town over a period of years. As a result, there is no natural center, no focus to the book.

I take it from the dedication that Mr. Raynolds is a follower in fiction of Thomas Wolfe. "Fortune," however, seems to illustrate the defects rather than the virtues of "Look Homeward, Angel," and to exhibit the genuine anarchy into which the novel as a form has fallen. Besides the confusions already noted, one finds that the book is crowded with characters —so crowded, indeed, that I finally gave up in despair the task of keeping them sorted out.

Were "plot" still regarded as a fictional essential, these innumerable characters might have been grouped in significant relations about central figures, when, though the groupings might have been slightly artificial, their relations with each other and with the movement of the book might have been clear. Had Mr. Raynolds consistently determined to present his episodes by either the scenic or the panoramic method, we might have had less "richness," but the book would have developed greater significance.

The reply will be that contemporary fiction is trying to mirror the tumultuous and unorganized stream of existence, and for that reason "plot" and "structure" are hindrances. But the retort is equally deadly that art—even the art of fiction—cannot exist without organization. I pay tribute to Mr. Raynold's vitality, but I think it should be made to march towards a goal, not merely expand like a balloon. He has the romantic sense, but not the romantic pattern. It is not enough to adventure into the jungle; it is essential also to return.

Howard Mumford Jones is professor of English at the University of Michigan.

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A Completely Civilized Man

DWIGHT MORROW. By Harold Nicolson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1935. $3.75.

Reviewed by FRANZ SCHNEIDER, JR.

A BIOGRAPHY of Dwight Morrow by Harold Nicolson should be an outstanding book; and the present volume justifies this expectation. With his customary literary skill, Mr. Nicolson tells the story of this truly amazing man who struggled for an education and then went on to extraordinary achievements in law, finance, and diplomacy, and to become what Nicolson calls "a model for the completely civilized man."

Born in Huntington, West Virginia, in 1873, Dwight Morrow grew up in Allegheny, Pennsylvania. He was one of eight children; and the income of his father, a school teacher, never exceeded eighteen hundred dollars a year. After finishing public school, and being deprived of a West Point appointment that he had won, the boy escaped from the cramping atmosphere of Allegheny to the beauty and stimulus of Amherst College, to which he remained devoted throughout life. Seven years later he graduated from Columbia Law School.

Morrow's success as a lawyer was rapid. His intelligence, industry, and charm impressed all. When he was still in his early thirties, his senior partner, John W. Simpson, was able to tell the young man's father that, "Mr. Choate, Mr. Root, and I have the reputation of being the best corporation lawyers in the city of New York. Your boy is better than any of us."

Becoming a partner in J. P. Morgan & Co. in 1914, when forty-one, his sphere of interest, activity, and influence was greatly increased. His contacts now were international as well as national. He became a recognized authority on finance, economics, and the organization and administration of business. After we entered the World War he went abroad and served with the Allied Maritime Transport Council, again making a great impression in both London and Paris.

Morrow was a leader in the issuance of the great post-war reconstruction loans. He took Cuba under his financial tutelage, arranged two reconstruction loans, and secured important financial reforms.

When his college friend, Coolidge, became President, Morrow's political prestige was augmented. He headed the Aircraft Board, and the unanimous report he secured from the Board again added to his reputation. The story of Morrow's success as Ambassador to Mexico is familiar to the public and is well told in this biography, as is the less well known story of extraordinary achievements at the London Naval Conference in 1930. His reluctance to enter the Senate and the reasons for his silence during his first session there are accurately set forth. The book then passes on to the tragedy of his death at the age of fifty-eight.

Nicolson has succeeded well in describing Morrow's mind and method of work; and in recreating the extraordinary attractiveness of his personality. Morrow loved problems and approached their solution on a factual basis, preferably following the historical method. He was a great reader and a great student. His industry and his patience were prodigious. Nicolson refers to the perfect balance between his imagination and his reason.

Another of his great qualities was his liking for and understanding of people. Nicolson properly emphasizes and reemphasizes his tolerance and magnanimity. His transparent honesty and sincerity won over the most sceptical. He continually led people to higher ethical ground.

These great attributes were reënforced by wonderful personal charm. He was the gayest, wittiest, and most entertaining of companions; even his periods of abstraction, when he perpetrated marvels of absent-mindedness, were endearing.

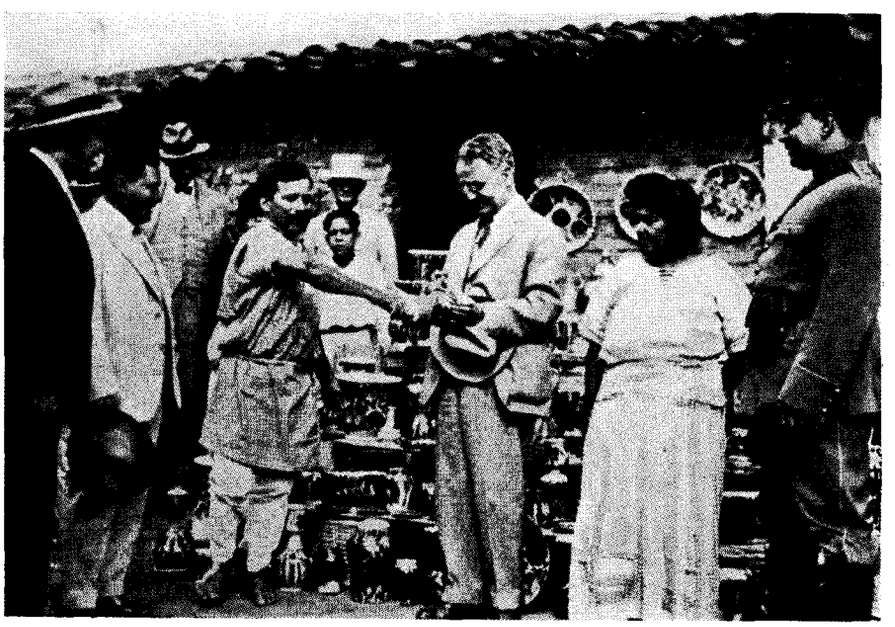
There is also, it seems to this reviewer, a tendency to overemphasize Morrow's occasional dissatisfaction with his legal and business career and his occasional inclinations toward teaching and the academic life. People of perception and reasonable strength of purpose usually do what they like best. Dwight Morrow was a man of action and strong will; to an unusual degree he did what he wanted. Certainly, few men were as happy in their daily work as Dwight Morrow.

The book has the usual number of minor inaccuracies. The account of the "rescue" of W. C. Durant suffers from condensation, and the statement that he was unaware until November 18 that his difficulties called for urgent solution must be accepted with reserve. The same applies to the statement that Morrow was shocked by Calles's treatment of his legislature and judiciary in the oil settlement. Again, the "Consultation Pact," which Morrow is stated cautiously to have evolved, was suggested to him by modest George Rublee.

Mr. Nicolson also writes that on Morrow's return to Mexico just before successful conclusion of negotiations for the religious settlement, he brought back with him in his private car, Monsignor Ruíz, the Apostolic Delegate, and Archbishop Díaz, and that he housed them secretly in the apartment of his Naval Attaché. Actually the prelates boarded the train at St. Louis, and slept in the ordinary Pullman. Mr. Morrow invited them into his private car for meals, but carefully detached his car at El Paso and spent a night there so that the prelates would enter Mexico separately.

To this reviewer, the chief inadequacy of the book arises from Nicolson's tendency to skip rather cavalierly over Morrow's legal and business career, including the thirteen thrilling years as a Morgan partner—years in which his constructive genius first found free scope. This may arise in part from an understandable tendency to slight what does not interest or is not understood. In the present instance, it also seems to arise in part from a disposition to regard law and business as somewhat lower forms of human activity. Nicolson also raises the question of who was the better economist by referring to Morrow's "*laissez faire* philosophy which he had derived from a too uncritical study of William Graham Sumner."

Franz Schneider, Jr., was at one time financial editor of the New York Evening Post, *and later of the* New York Sun.



DWIGHT MORROW IN MEXICO

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A Poet's Novel of Maine Fishermen

RED SKY IN THE MORNING. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE state of Maine, with its wild and beautiful scenery and its monuments of the stately days of sail, has in the last few years inspired several novels; and now Mr. Coffin, who has long been a poet of the region, adds another novel to the number. In "Red Sky in the Morning" he has pressed the contrast between past splendors and present poverty into the service of his theme, which is one-half the theme of "Hamlet": the jealousy felt by an adolescent for his mother's paramour. Young Will Prince can remember the beautiful house which is his family's inheritance from generations of sea captains, but he spends his boyhood in a fisherman's shack on a little island to which his father has moved as a prison for his mother, whose glances, on the mainland, were constantly straying to other men; and when the Princes come to an open breach, and Will is taken by his mother to the great family mansion, he still thinks of his father, living in his squalid hermitage; and is at last obliged to take his father's place and avenge his mother's unfaithfulness. The author deliberately faces the comparison with "Hamlet," letting Will Prince spend a chapter reflecting on how like his position is to that of the Prince of Denmark.

No one would hold Mr. Coffin too strictly to the impossible competition implied; but one cannot help observing that the two qualities for which "Hamlet" is most remarkable are those in which "Red Sky in the Morning" is most deficient,—subtlety and suspense in action. "Red Sky in the Morning" is, for good and ill, a poet's novel; and though it presents single emotions keenly, it gives no more analysis than one might expect of a lyric. It would seem almost impossible to treat such a theme nowadays without allusion to the theories of Freud; but the whole question of Will's relation to his parents, of why he so deeply loved the father who was never anything but unjust and harsh to him, of what he himself felt toward the mother of whom he was jealous on his father's account, is slurred over. We are merely given as a datum Will's despairing love for the father who does not love him, and its consequences; the mother remains a shadowy wanton. Similarly, the poetic quality of the novel cannot assimilate the villain, the supplanter (who, as in the stories of Hamlet and Agamemnon, is a kinsman) when he appears; he is meant to represent tragic invasion of the vulgar, wealthy world of the summer people; but he remains a caricature, all too obviously determined to characterize himself every time he speaks. And in the management of the prose element of the plot, if the author has by his slow movement and indication of the end attained "inevitability," he has done so only at the cost of all suspense.

And yet it must be repeated that if the book has the faults of a poet's prose, it has its virtues too. It is written in a style which one may call by that rarely deserved word, beautiful; and if it presents only the simple, single emotions of a lyric, it does so with all a lyric's haunting intensity. In its painting of the separate scenes, the struggle of a rowboat with a winter sea, the dusty treasures of a sea-captain's house, or the intensity of a Maine summer, "Red Sky in the Morning" is as fine as any of the fine books that depict that beautiful state.

WOODCUT BY J. J. LANKES
From the jacket design of "Red Sky in the Morning."

Israel's Last Stand

FESTIVAL AT MERON. By Harry Sackler. New York: Covici-Friede. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

THIS is an interesting and solid novel of Israel's last fighting attempt to free herself from Roman domination and of the spiritual rather than physical struggle which followed when that attempt had failed. Simeon ben Yohai, son of a rich silk weaver of Tiberias, is drawn into the struggles of the Jewish patriots which culminated in the meteoric revolt of Bar Cochba, when Hadrian was Emperor of the world. A rebel armed with a quill rather than a sword, he nevertheless takes part in the last stand of Jewry and the agony of Bethar. But it is his fate, not to die in martyrdom for the Law and the Prophets, but to fight as seer and teacher afterwards to keep Israel Israel in spite of both the oppression and the bounty of Rome. His spiritual war is the main theme of the book, and it is a theme which Mr. Sackler has handled with great fairness and very considerable success. In the last conversation between Simeon and Marcus Aurelius, the reader is made very well aware that it is two systems of life and two worlds which are at conflict—and that even the best of those two worlds cannot quite understand each other while breath is breath. Palestine will be a Roman Province, for the sword of the flesh has failed —but the Jews will never be Romans, and the Lord God bides his time. "The emperor could not understand why Jews objected so strenuously and frantically to becoming paganized and achieving equality with the other peoples under the ægis of Rome." Well, that was the crux of the matter—and it is a matter which certain contemporary dictators might ponder. For the Roman Empire was a solid piece of building—and yet Israel has lasted it out.

Mr. Sackler has attempted a very large canvas, and, as I say, throughout he has been singularly fair. There is plenty of excitement and a landscape crowded with figures. Where Mr. Sackler fails, it seems to me, it is a question of degree. He has written a thoroughly readable and honest book using material that has been very seldom employed in the historical novel. He has dramatized understandingly the sort of spiritual warrior who is very difficult to dramatize. But the last thing is not there—the thing that makes the page burn and the words come alive. "Kristin Lavransdatter" deals also with an alien age and with a spiritual conflict. But it has the stature, the weight, and the life which "Festival at Meron" lacks. Nevertheless, he has done a sound and genuine piece of work, and it is to be hoped that he will continue in the field—for there are great novels on the dispersion of Israel that still wait the writing.

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There Was a Young Englishman

BY CLARENCE DAY

IN 1766 a young Englishman, a clergyman's son, sailed away to seek his fortune in India. There, in spite of his youth, he was given the command of an unruly province. By the time he was twenty-seven he had "reduced" that province to order, made a fortune by trading, and gone back to England, to live the life of a well-to-do country squire without further toil.

Six of his sons went to India, hoping to repeat his experience. None of them did. Some died in battle, some from the climate, and one died of drink.

One of these active young soldiers, who had himself conquered a province as his father had done, fell in love with and married the most beautiful English girl in Calcutta. A few years later he died, like his brothers. He left a son four years old.

This little boy had some unhappy times after that. His mother carefully dispatched him in charge of a black Indian servant to England, where he was shuttled about from one elderly aunt to another. At the great school that he was then sent away to, he got into trouble because he was near-sighted and not very strong and not at all good at games. Also, one of the boys broke his nose for him, which spoiled his appearance for life. He didn't mind that so much, because he and the fellow who did it were friends; but the masters thrashed him a lot, and, as he was a weakling, he was kicked around and beaten by all the school bullies for years.

After awhile his mother, who had married an elderly major, came to England to live. She had become intensely religious; rather harshly so, it seemed to her son; but he loved her, and he loved and admired his stepfather, too.

At college he followed the hounds, drank and gambled, like other young men of fashion. He had grown strong, he was now six feet four, and his chest was broad in proportion. He travelled on the Continent, loved a princess, and attended Court Balls. He was a polished young buck in tight fitting trousers strapped under his boots, a long-tailed coat, a high collar, a big cravat-tie, and a monocle.

Soon after he was twenty-one and had come into possession of the money which his father had left him, he lost it. A friend of his, a young clergyman, who had a sleek, sanctified exterior and a smooth tongue, wheedled him into making an investment that completely collapsed. Another fellow he knew, a man of good family, fleeced him on a large scale at cards. Years later he pointed out this person to one of his friends. "I have not seen that man," he said, "since he drove me down in his cabriolet to my bankers in the City, where I sold out my patrimony and paid it over to him."

Not wishing to live on his stepfather, he looked around to see what a suddenly poor youth could do. He had already had a try at the law, but he hadn't worked hard at it. He now turned to journalism in his need. He didn't work hard at that either. Although almost penniless, he was still a young man of fashion at heart. It occurred to him that, as he had always liked drawing, art might be his best bet.

It wasn't. His amateur sketches were lifelike, they were full of freshness and fun, but they were far too unstudied to meet the demands of those conventional days. In his more ambitious moments, when he tried his hand at subjects like Hogarth's, his attempts were merely facetious, or prudish and weak. He was a splendid young man in his way, but he

An illustration by the subject of this memoir

was very English, and Art with a capital A brought out an inferior side of him. He sniggered at the nude, for example, and he sentimentalized beauty. Nevertheless he eagerly went over to Paris to paint.

While there he met a pretty Anglo-Irish girl with whom he fell in love.

This girl's mother had been watching and waiting to get her daughter a husband. She urged the youth to find some steady job at once so he could marry. He was vague about this at first. He gave up art and tried to do illustrations, but he sold very few. A man named Charles Dickens, whom nobody had ever heard of before, was writing the adventures of a character whom he called Mr. Pickwick; and the struggling would-be artist made a number of drawings to go with these Pickwick papers. They all were rejected.

He asked his stepfather to help him find some good position, to marry on. The kindly old Major hadn't much money left, owing to the failure of a bank out in India, but he precipitately took what he had and bought a newspaper with it, merely in order to make his stepson its French correspondent.

The girl for whose sake all this was so imprudently done was going to be a wonderful wife for him, the young fellow thought. Perhaps for another husband she might have been; but although he didn't see it, she was narrow-minded, and she had had a bad training. She had been taught to be an artful young girl by her artful Mamma, who was as bad-tempered and vulgar a harridan as ever came out of Ireland. But Mamma could simper and be genteel when she tried; and neither her temper nor her matchmaking wiles were visible to the near-sighted young man. As for the girl, she didn't venture to talk much. He was drawn to her by her singing. She sang simple songs, she made eyes at him, she had lovely white arms, and he married her.

He was only twenty-five, and he didn't find out for some months that he had been cheated again.

It was poverty that opened his eyes. The newspaper on which he was dependent had never been a success, and, under his stepfather's soldierly management, after nine months it collapsed. When his wife's mother found that he was now going down-hill financially, and that his family was ruined, she reviled him so loudly and coarsely that she made his home life a hell.

He hunted feverishly for a chance to do bits of ill-paid reviewing. His indolence utterly vanished. He set to work and worked hard, and for longer hours than most men would be able to, trying to sell things to magazine editors who felt lukewarm about him.

His young wife bore him two daughters. When one of these babies died, he wrote his mother, "I think of her only as something charming that for a season we were allowed to enjoy." He added that he could not ask to have her come back to a life of degradation and pain.

At the birth of their third little girl, his wife had an attack of insanity. She never recovered.

The elegant young buck was now down at heel, a hack and a drudge. His mother-in-law screamed tirades at him. His wife became sluggish and dense, like a half-witted child. He worked late into the night trying to support her and his two little girls; and as a matter of honor he felt that he must also pay his stepfather's debts.

After long years of struggle he managed to do this, and more. All England began talking about him, and reading his books. Yet when his first great novel appeared, its tone displeased many critics. It was the work of a man who had mellowed, and who had always had a warm heart, but there was a vein of cynicism in it, and sadness. The man was Thackeray, and the book was "Vanity Fair."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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What Should We Do with Our Men of Letters?

WHAT is to be done about indigent poets, indigent novelists, indigent men and women of letters in general? It is not a question of relief. Saving a writer from the grindings of a badly functioning economic system is like saving a non-writer. If the money is available, something can readily be done to avert actual starvation. Mr. Alsberg's proposal to have a new (and much needed) guidebook compiled by the W. P. A., with the forty-eight states as subject, is good enough, and if that field is exhausted, there are many others where writers can be put to work.

The real problem is with *important* poets, *first-rate* novelists, *distinguished* men-of-letters, whose talents rank them in eminence with presidents of great industries, statesmen, and leading scientists. Only the naive believe that it is easy to live upon first-rate literary work. It may be hard to starve, but it is not easy to live like a successful person, not easy to live the kind of life which cultivated tastes and the author's zest for experience demand. Some first-rate literary work has a wide market; some equally good, and perhaps in originality or sheer depth of thought much more important, can appeal only to those qualified to absorb it, which never in any civilization are many. Some—and this is especially true of the essay and of poetry, is disqualified for financial success by its form which is not what current taste most easily assimilates. The content of an essay can find other modes of expression, perhaps equally good; but this is never true of real poetry, which, by definition, says best what it has to say. To ask a poet to widen his audience by writing in prose, is simply to ask him not to write at all, or to write in a fashion inferior for him and probably inferior from any point of view.

Readers of Edgar Lee Masters's life of Vachel Lindsay or of Hazelton Spencer's review of that book in last week's *Saturday Review*, must have been saddened by the evidence there presented. Here was a poet who in his peculiar and very valuable genre was first-rate, a poet of fire, imagination, and extraordinary fancy, a patriotic poet, a popular poet, who could earn by his talents as a reciter as well as by his genius as an author. And yet he had a life-long struggle and died in despair. There were contributory reasons — of course, there always are, for anyone. A man whose heart is obsessed with creative work is seldom a good investor, seldom a penurious saver, although no one ever accused Lindsay of extravagance. His fault, if fault it be, was to have a renaissance mind, interested in everything that had the blood of creation in it, and inclined to spend itself largely in fields where others were more competent than he. It was generosity of the intellect, a myopia of the reason.

The good poet, the good novelist who cannot write for the masses, the man-of-letters whose audience must be intellectual—what they all need is a small but steady income, earned easily and worthily by some task which interferes as little as possible with creative work, or given outright. Burns was a gauger, and it was good luck for him, Wordsworth had a subvention, Emerson an income, Shakespeare an actor's job, Trollope an educational inspectorship, Hawthorne was customs officer and consul. Poe never had a steady income and was wrecked by its lack. So have been many of our very best writers.

Prizes are illusory. Divide a prize by the number of months which it takes to win it, and see what a pitiable and uncertain income results. The financial success of a book of poems, or of a novel or biography, even a best-selling novel, as best-selling goes nowadays, is almost equally illusory. A book that sells 5,000 copies is regarded as a success. But how much will 5,000 copies bring to the author? Probably less than $2,000—and how long does it take to write such a book? A year probably, perhaps more. Here is no guarantee of economic security for a man with a family, and we are writing not of beginners but of established practitioners in the art. Geniuses are like other men in their everyday needs; they react even more sharply to discouragement, neglect, and the circumstances of failure.

It is not a question here of writers in general. Whatever could discourage nine writers out of ten from writing at all, would probably be good for civilization, provided they were not starved in the process. We write here of creative, original authors, capable of giving instruction and delight to their times. If they could delight all in their times there would be no problem. But that for the erudite, the critical, the fastidious, or for the subtle, the profound, or the highly original will nearly always be impossible.

A solution of the problem may perhaps be found in an asset which such writers are very likely to possess. For they instruct in the best sense. Contact with a creative mind is not only refreshing, it is stimulating. Such a mind in the somewhat arid regions where instruction is practised is like a live coal in an ashy fire, or a breeze from the sea in an August noon. Our universities and colleges are increasingly drawing upon such minds for stimulus and variety. A score of names come to mind of poets, scientists, critics, specialists in advanced knowledge or in the human imagination, who visit educational institutions regularly as out-members of their faculties. A wise government, desirous of conserving its talent as it is beginning to conserve its forests, would extend this practice to the educational system in general. If our democratic state objects to pensions let it make its first-rate writers part of the educational scheme of the country. Put them on salary, small but certain. Ask them to share their personality with those who have a right to see what is at least relative greatness in their time. Demand of them no routine job, no teaching that others could do as well, most of all no "masterpiece" for which the state pays on completion. Leave their talents as authors to their own exploitation. Keep hands off these. But make them, as the Provençal courts did with their poets, paid guests, paid for being what they are, and because contact with them is a part of education. It would be cheap as relief goes, for real talents worth saving for art's sake or the mind's sake are not so numerous. But it would not be relief, it would be investment.

There is one indispensable requirement if this plan is to succeed. The choice of the authors to be enlisted must be in the hands of a competent and nonpartisan committee. Otherwise the jobs will go to favorite sons, to charlatans, and to the adepts in publicity; and the creative artist will be left in neglect and shame.

Ten Years Ago

Late in the Fall of 1925, *The Saturday Review* recommended the third and final volume of "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," edited by Burton J. Hendrick. Bainbridge Colby, who wrote the review, emphasized the fact that the book reflected "*great credit on the literary craftsmanship of Mr. Hendrick.*"

Today

On page 5 of this issue, Douglas Southall Freeman reviews Burton J. Hendrick's latest book, "The Lees of Virginia." Mr. Freeman compares this book with James Truslow Adams's "The Adams Family," and says further: "*By their well articulated treatment of two of the greatest American families, Mr. Hendrick and Mr. Adams . . . have opened a new field of biographical study. Development of that field may yield a new appraisal of the influence of aristocracy on our national life.*"

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Letters to the Editor: *Novelists of Vermont; In Defense of Grant*

Amherst and Vermont

SIR:—What wonders may be wrought by makeup (typographically, not, or perhaps as well as, cosmetically speaking)! I read Chris Morley's remarks on Emily Dickinson's barn with the emotion of pleased recognition. The wagon shed up home in Vermont is like that—silvery and sagging. Both barn and Yale pinnacles have their meaning, he pursued: "As she" (I turned the page) "is set above the battles into the military, the political, the executive needs of a wholly practical campaign." What's happened to Emily? said I. And what a nice neat caption, "The Last Great Puritan."

It was my own fault, of course. You did say "Continued on page 15."

Who was inquiring about Vermont novels—a Mr. Chase? Are you one of the Bakersfield Chases, sir? I used to know a lot of them. Yes. Vermont novels—good ones—are scarce. I don't care much about Rowland Robinson's "Uncle Lisha's Shop," *et al.*—you might as well be reading Chaucer. In spite of their great merits, I rather think Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "Bonfire" and "The Brimming Cup" won't outlast her "Understood Betsy," which is a little classic if ever there was one. Anne Bosworth Greene—who is English-born—is a bit withdrawn from native Vermonters, although she understands them beautifully.

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.

New York City.

Clare and the Nightingale

SIR:—The writer of your recent editorial in deflation of the nightingale, as well as some of its readers, may care to be reminded of John Clare's account of that poor bird's song in his poem, "The Progress of Rhyme":

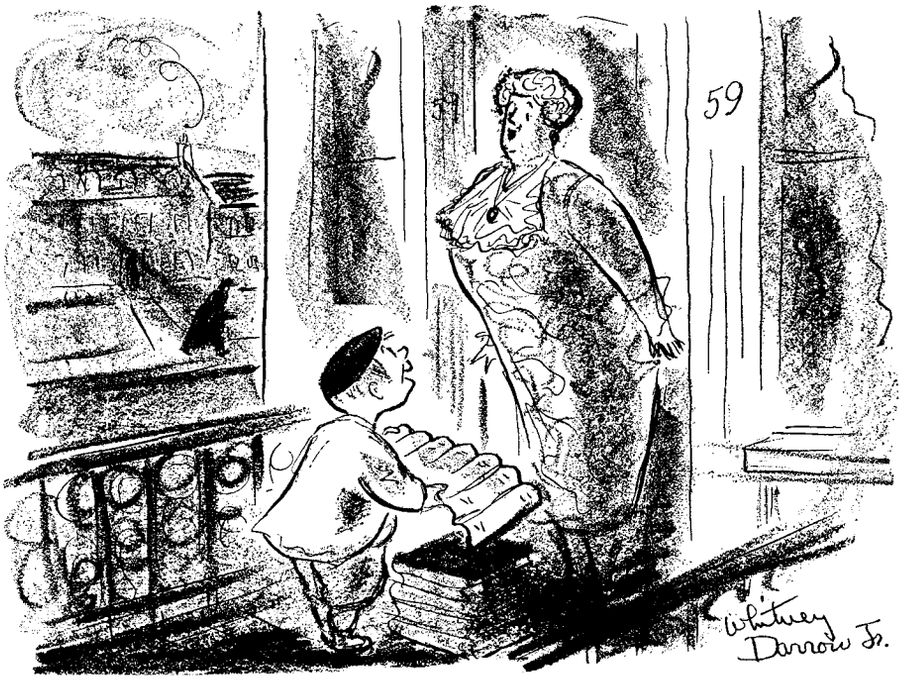
And nightingales—Oh, I have stood
Beside the dingle and the wood,
And o'er the old oak railing hung
To listen every note they sung,
And left boys making taws of clay
To muse and listen half the day.
The more I listened and the more
Each note seemed sweeter than before,
And aye so different was the strain
She'd scarce repeat the note again:
"Chew-chew, chew-chew," and higher still:
"Cheer-cheer cheer-cheer," more loud and shrill:
"Cheer-up cheer-up cheer-up," and dropt
Low: "tweet tweet jug jug jug," and stopt
One moment just to drink the sound
Her music made, and then a round
Of stranger witching notes was heard,
As if it was a stranger bird:
"Wew-wew wew-wew, chur-chur chur-chur,
Woo-it woo-it": could this be her?
"Tee-rew tee-rew tee-rew tee-rew,
Chew-rit chew-rit," and ever new:
"Will-will will-will, grig-grig grig-grig."
The boy stopt sudden on the brig
To hear the "tweet tweet tweet" so shrill,
The "jug jug jug," and all was still
A minute, when a wilder strain
Made boys and woods to pause again;
Words were not left to hum the spell.
Could they be birds that sung so well?

("The Poems of John Clare," edited by J. W. Tibble, London, 1935, I, 439.)

Any effort to reproduce the bird's song from Clare's notes is likely to perplex, if not confound, the fondest lover of Philomela.

B. J. WHITING.

Cambridge, Mass.



"IN BUYING THIS ENCYCLOPEDIA, MADAM, YOU WILL NOT ONLY IMPROVE YOUR MIND, BUT WILL HELP ME WIN A BUCK ROGERS DISINTEGRATOR PISTOL."

Grant's Literary Abilities

SIR:—I feel that I am speaking for many readers of your always-interesting journal beside myself in expressing my surprise at the language used in the review of W. B. Hesseltine's "Ulysses S. Grant, Politician," by William E. Woodward in your September 21 issue. This is due to no disagreement with the postulate that a reviewer is entitled to express his own opinions but merely to the feeling that in so doing facts should be served. Your reviewer seems to me something like one of the class of writers that, somewhat curiously, you yourself discuss in a very keen editorial in the same issue under the head of "Reporter's Heaven," where you complain of the current journalistic complexion of much supposed history, biography, etc., now offered in the guise of serious literature and allude to its "superficial character."

In the review in question we find Grant characterized, early in its text, as "a well-meaning and ignorant soldier." The attested facts of Grant's life none of them reveal him as being ignorant in the general—or even the particular—sense of the word. He was a West Point graduate and while he was not a brilliant student there in some subjects, in others he was very well up, while in some his standing was high. He was also a man of reflective habit of mind, given to prolonged meditation upon subjects that interested him, which he expressed in uncommonly good English. But as if this were not sufficient, the reviewer goes on further to stigmatize him as a man of "stolid dulness." . . . Against this any one with knowledge of the life or character of Grant is bound to protest. For one thing, there are Grant's own "Personal Memoirs," almost every word of which was written by his own hand, or dictated by him in his last illness when no longer able to hold the pen. These alone are sufficient to stamp both charges made against him as without foundation.

Ease and skill in literary expression are hardly the hall-marks of an ignorant man of stolid dulness. His epigrammatic facility was notable throughout his public career and had much to do with his rise to fame. Such phrases as "Unconditional surrender;" "I propose to move immediately upon your works;" "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer;" "The best means of securing the repeal of an obnoxious law is its vigorous enforcement" went over the country like wildfire when uttered and have now become permanent American maxims. A host of similar ones could easily be compiled from his "Memoirs" and state papers. In private life he was a master of repartee. His famous rejoinder when told that Sumner did not believe in the Bible: "Well—he didn't write it!" could not readily be surpassed as a volume in five words.

HENRY C. BEITLER.

Chicago, Ill.

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New Authors, New Editors,

Saturday Review Pictures of the

"What?" . . . *Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who recently became editor*

"Let me see" . . . *and vice-president of Doubleday, Doran. . . .*

"Bully!" . . . *listens to an idea at his desk in the Garden City office.*

Parnassus in Soconyland—*forty-four flights up in Rockefeller Center, James Stephens, recently arrived from Ireland, reads his verse to Poetry Center members. Director Anita Browne is seated at left; Burton Rascoe, author and editor* (see page 22), *at right.*

In one ear—*ex-City Editor Stanley Walker (left) at his new editorial desk in* The New Yorker *offices. His forthcoming book is "Mrs. Astor's Horse."* . . . **And in the other**—*Stuart Chase, author of "Government in Business," consumes a little of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's toll service in his New York office on W. 43rd St.*

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New Readers, New Books

Month by Robert Disraeli

(Above) Frances Marion, long-time Hollywood scenarist, now author of a novel, "Valley People," talking pictures with photographer Arnold Genthe. . . . (Right) John O'Hara, who burned them up last year with "Appointment in Samarra," again steps into the picture with "BUtterfield-8." But you have to dial WIckersham-2 to get him on the phone.

Many new readers find their way to the New York Public Library's open air branch in Bryant Park. From ten to seven, six days a week, the Library circulates 400 books a day, 1000 magazines, to park-bench readers. Half the books are fiction—largely short story anthologies for the lunch hour. No cards required—all you have to do is sign your name. The library reports that losses have been negligible. It opened August 17—for closing date, watch your thermometer.

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M. Sacha's Soufflé

IF MEMORY SERVES. By Sacha Guitry. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN MASON BROWN

WHEN a man possessed of Sacha Guitry's charming gift for portraiture and anecdote decides to write his memoirs as informally as M. Guitry has done here, there ought, I suppose, to be no quarrelling with him. His sins of omission can be among his happiest virtues. He is his own chef, standing before his own stove, and entitled to serve the *specialité* of his own house. If a soufflé is his favorite dish, why a soufflé is very much in order, particularly if it is the kind of soufflé that only a French master of the art of granting wings to unhatched eggs is able to prepare.

M. Guitry's book is precisely that sort of dish. It is not the weighty, autobiographic *blini* that such a great Russian director and actor as Stanislavsky served up in the memorable pages of "My Life in Art." It is not the roast beef of old England, surrounded with generous portions of Yorkshire pudding, which has turned Colley Cibber's "Apology" into a sustaining main course for all students of the post-Restoration stage. Nor is it the beefsteak and the pie-à-la-mode with which such distinguished American players as Joseph Jefferson and Otis Skiner have satisfied the appetites of their stage-struck readers in their excellent autobiographies. It is a soufflé, light and delectable and quite perfect of its kind, even though one may get a little tired of it and wonder why it is that such an accomplished gourmet in life and letters as M. Guitry should offer only soufflés on his menu.

SACHA GUITRY AND YVONNE PRINTEMPS
From Theatre Arts Monthly

Even so, his "If Memory Serves" does not lose its taste. It includes many passages that are as delightful as any that have had their origins in either the theatre or the Paris of his time. At its shimmering best it is as facile and ingratiating a *tour de force* as is the most graceful of the many graceful dramas which have come from M. Guitry's pen. It combines the poetic charm of his Deburau with the droll sophistication of his Baron Von Grimm in "Mozart," and the gaiety of his revue numbers with the quickening love of the past he has brought to his historical sketches. All it lacks is the dignity, the strength, and the high purpose which went into his writing of "Pasteur."

One would have to look far, and then in vain, to find a warmer invocation of the glory that once was Sarah Bernhardt's; or a more living portrait of Lucien Guitry, the author's famous actor-father; or a more beguiling picture of a youth spent in a topsy-turvy household where Rostand might be found reading "L'Aiglon" aloud to Lucien, or where the most celebrated dramatists and artists of the day were almost always sure to be on hand.

M. Guitry's book is witty, urbane, and light-headed in the best manner of the master boulevardier. It has the merit of being for the most part as entertaining as all good talk should be, and of seeming to be as intimate as only the best of tête-à-têtes can be. Its author is at his most felicitous as a raconteur when, in Beatrice Lillie's words, he is making "l'Amour the merrier," by describing his first love. Or when he is talking about an early disaster which befell him as an actor and which resulted in his father's not speaking to him for thirteen years. Or when he is sketchily indicating the triumphs and the failures of his first seasons as a dramatist. But just as he is at his best in his unforgettable vignettes of such friends as Octave Mirbeau, Claude Monet, and Clemenceau, just so surely is he at his worst in his tiresomely overlong accounts of the eleven schools he attended, in the downright silliness of his record of his American tour, and in the schoolgirl gush of his estimate of Mussolini.

The virtue of his book is that it has the courage of its unimportance. It is not M. Guitry's autobiography. It is merely M. Guirty in a chatty mood, saying some very sage things and saying them delightfully, and also saying many other things which are not worth the saying and saying them so that they remain as trivial as only small talk has the right to be. The truth is that the good passages in "If Memory Serves" are so gratifying that one is forced to wish the book as a whole were better than it is. One wonders how M. Guitry managed to overlook his own mature career both as an actor and a playwright as completely as he has, and how he has the temerity, in spite of their divorce, to forget to make more than one passing mention of Yvonne Printemps. M. Guitry's autobiography, in other words, remains to be written. What he has done, and done as he alone could do it, is to let his memory serve him only as he wants it to. The result is a book that resembles its author and his works, and that takes its place, as said before, among the most delectable of M. Sacha's soufflés.

John Mason Brown is dramatic critic of the New York Post.

A Panorama of Human Confusion

SUMMER TIME ENDS. By John Hargrave. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

IT would be easy to write an irrelevant little essay about this novel. Its unusual style, derived partly from Whitman, partly from Joyce, could start a technical controversy; its subject matter, a cross section of England suffering from depression, can and undoubtedly will pour oil on the typewriters of all the reviewers who look at every new book from the point of view of its possibilities for saving civilization. (Mr. Hargrave is said to be an exponent of the Social Credit school; but if you don't already know what Social Credit is, you won't find out from "Summer Time Ends.") Most readers, however, will wish to be told first of all that this is an intelligent, readable, swiftly moving, and dramatic story. It gives us the significant characters of an English town—from the head of the Soltex rayon mills to the boy who lost his job at the mills, and the girl who couldn't marry him while they were both on the dole. And it is not only a cross section, for it shows all these characters, and there are many of them, in their complex interrelations.

To attempt to tell the story, or even to summarize the principal characters, would be impossible in any review of reasonable length. It covers a year beginning in October, 1931. (The title is a play on words, for "summer time" is English for daylight saving time, which ends the first of October.) Mr. Hargrave builds his episodes around those days on which the different elements of the population have most in common—Guy Fawkes Day, Christmas, May Day, and so on. He links the various scenes not only by this synchronization, but also by his manner of writing. For Mr. Hargrave does not write in paragraphs, but in lines—lines nearly all of which are arranged like the lines of free verse, and some of which, regardless of arrangement, are poetry.

This is a method which could lead to argument. To many readers it will mean chiefly that this novel of 877 pages is much shorter than it seems: it reads twice as fast as the usual novel. And this in spite of the fact that the author's use of a kind of *leit-motif* system—the repetition of key phrases from a previous episode to relate it to the new episode—makes the text longer than it would ordinarily be. In any case, the technique does not produce a "difficult" novel. Mr. Hargrave's method is clarity itself.

The result is a panorama of England in the depression, of the effect of economic crisis on representatives of every class of human society. Among the characters

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there are a few well drawn individuals, a few caricatures, and many "types"; on the whole there is more human nature than characterization. And in some respects both the method and the plotting lead to artificiality; to put all the characters into relationship with one another sometimes involves a use of coincidence which seems mechanical. But to criticize this too much is to criticize Mr. Hargrave for not doing something which he was not trying to do. He is not writing a conventional novel. Fundamentally, he convinces us that there is a real relationship between the international banker and the shopgirl. He is intelligent and strong-minded; he has flashes of superb phraseology; he feels deeply the problems of all his characters —and that includes a fair representation of the Anglo-Saxon world. His novel is a clear distillation of human confusion. To ask that he should solve that confusion is to ask too much of any novelist.

Hymn for Grief

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

LUMINOL is what you take
For heartbreak
That is all
Except sometimes allonal—
Veronal.

(Prayer was useful, so they say,
In a sentimental day,
You arose from kneeling, sure
God and you'd somehow endure—
But such gestures are for us
One would say, ridiculous—
Out of date
For the young sophisticate.

When there were Victorians
Ladies wept into a pillow,
And Elizabeth's and Anne's
Maids might wail, "oh, willow, willow!"
Shrieks or such release as crying
Kept these costumed girls from dying,
Ladies were allowed their faints
Far back as the early saints
And might pine for grief a little,
But we can't—
It would not be arrogant,
Nonchalant,
Cool or brittle.)

Psycho-analysts are out
But of drugs there's still no doubt;
"Take them with a little water,"
Says the specialist, "my daughter,
One at night and three a day,
They will wash your griefs away."

Where ancestresses could pray,
Slipping down a rosary,
"Pity, Jesu; Hail, Marie;
Saints who suffered long, help me,
Soon is Heaven shining bright,
Worth my agony tonight!"
Now we have our drugstore god,
With glass tubelets for His rod. . .
Three along your business day,
One the hour girls used to pray:
Luminol; allonal; veronal;
That is all.

The Inventor of the Steamboat

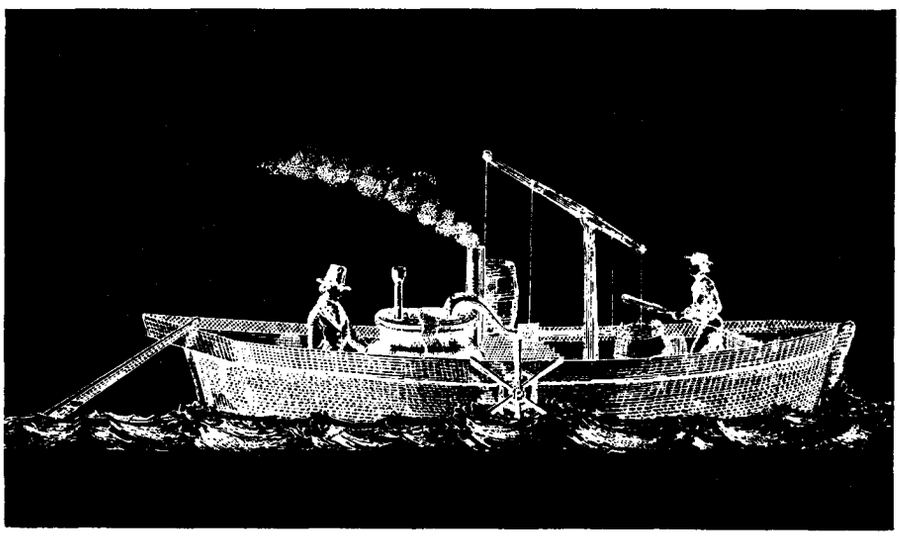
POOR JOHN FITCH. By Thomas Boyd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

JOHN FITCH'S story is the most poignant in the history of American invention. We have had experimenters, such as Charles Goodyear, who endured occasional hardship and want even more terrible than poor Fitch's. But Goodyear met with dazzling success in the end, and there is no parallel for the constant and unrelieved failure that was Fitch's all through life. From his childhood on a poverty-stricken Connecticut farm, a puny lad abused by his father and brother, to his suicide in 1798 in the shabby hole in Kentucky to which he had retreated, an evil destiny seemed to preside over his career. Beyond doubt part of the fault lay in Fitch himself. Not merely was he impractical from a business point of view; impracticality is common enough among inventors. The man plainly had, in addition, some quality which excited antagonism and persecution. His family mistreated him; his wife quarreled with him; his employers all took mean advantage of him; his church relations were a prolonged battle; the public refused to support his enterprises; when he called on Washington to explain his steamboat, Washington wrote a warning letter to his rival Rumsey; when he went to France for aid he received a cold shoulder. A mechanical genius, a monomaniac, a lean, dry, contentious Don Quixote, he insisted on fighting the world and was defeated where the suave, courtly Robert Fulton a few years later brought it to his feet. Yet to Fitch nevertheless belongs the glory of inventing the steamboat.

For Mr. Boyd's sympathetic and detailed history of this tragic life amply proves that Fitch, not Rumsey, was the first both to plan and execute the application of steam navigation. Rumsey had ample opportunity to borrow from him and probably did so; Rumsey was unblushingly mendacious in his claims to priority. It was in 1785 that Fitch, after failing as a sailor, brass-founder, silversmith, gunmaker, and land-speculator, actually designed a steam-engine without knowing anything whatever about the work of Newcomen and Watt. By September of that year the penniless zealot had deposited drawings and models of a steamboat with the American Philosophical Society; by November had applied to the Virginia Assembly for encouragement; by December was advertising in the Maryland *Gazette* for aid in building his craft. In the summer of 1787, after an expenditure of £530, his shallop with twelve steam-driven side-paddles, like an Indian war-canoe, crawled noisily up the Schuylkill under the gaze of most of the delegates to the Continental Congress. At that moment fortune lay in poor John Fitch's hand. The following summer saw him ferrying numerous boatloads of passengers up and down the Delaware. He might conceivably have moved on to fame and wealth. One of his boats equalled Fulton's *Clermont* in regularity and far surpassed it in speed. But while Mr. Boyd deals gently with Fitch, it is plain that he lacked the qualities to grasp his opportunity.

Mr. Boyd, who died at the age of thirty-six, a few days after writing the last chapter of this book, has made the most of his materials. He had done more than fill a gap in the lives of our inventors. He has given us a humanly appealing story. John Fitch wrote a partial autobiography, which exists in two sections in two Philadelphia libraries. Of this Mr. Boyd has made effective use, and his book succeeds not merely in recreating Fitch's personality, but in throwing light upon American society in the late Colonial and Revolutionary period. The crudity and poverty of most of that society, its harshness to uneducated youth, its bleakness to all who lacked the practical gift of getting on, appear in raw clarity in these pages.



From the jacket design of "Poor John Fitch."

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Notes on a Yellow Pad

I.

THIS is yellow weather. Sunlight outside looks the same color as this yellow pad; the fire on the low hearth behind me is the orange of this pencil. Under the bellies of my dachshund firedogs it deepens to tangerine, or a clear pink embershine for which I have no word. (Good. I approve things that are not "like" other things, only describable as themselves.)

I'm thinking of something a poet said, while he was still a poet—

"Extenuate these hours so wide and thin
You'll almost see Eternity shine through."

How might one take this yellow weather and stretch, or fold, or crumple it to thin (or thicken?) that dim color into full gold? But you can't make Time longer except by thinking more thoughts. I turned the clock back to Standard this morning: supposedly therefore I had an extra Hour; which gave me so large a sense of leisure I wasted at least two in a dumb idling amazement. The conies who thought they had Ringside Seats for a recent prizefight found themselves parasangs away.—"I saw Eternity the other night" (said Vaughan) "like a great ring." But it offers no Ringside Seats.

What, then, am I thinking? Why does a line from Kipling come to mind: "Enthrones on shrieking circumstance the Sacredly Absurd." Prizefights: I think of radio, symbolized for me by a little bottle of cherry-colored syrup, *Citri Cerose Wyeth*. All summer long I had to talk on the air every Friday night; and as Friday is always a day of huge palaver in the office towards evening I would take a slug of this thick sweet lubricant which seemed to avert nervous anxieties of the throat. So that phial on my desk became emblem of a whole paregoric philosophy. (You don't have to soften or sweeten or saponify the glottis before talking to yourself.) I shall think with kindness of that secret drug, the color of a Vermont maple tree in October.

Is it the lingering effect of that anesthetic, is it the pelustration of this same lion-skin weather? I find myself in a mood of lentil soup of genuine pococurante. It won't last, but here in the Knothole I find it delicious. I *really* don't care who wins football games, or what the *Herald Tribune* says in its editorials, or whether Mr. Hemingway believes that a Florida hurricane is a plot on the part of the government. If you can be indifferent passionately enough it almost has the virtue of a positive creed. There is here an old armchair which is still known as Donny's Chair as it was never used except by an ancient sheepdog curled up for good some years ago. He was a great gentleman, a considerable philosopher; I've been hoping that by sitting in his chair perhaps I might inherit some of his quality; though I doubt it. His majestic self-control in the realm of manners: once by accident he was shut up in the house all day (from breakfast to midnight) without possible egress: yet he would have burst an entrail rather than defile his host's affairs. I can still see his Socratic shaggy face peering agonized through a glass door when I arrived to release him; when it opened he could not even stay for wags-and-licks but almost knocked me down in his rush for the nearest easement. The Relief of Lucknow was not more dramatic. This was stupidity, perhaps, but stupidity on a high note. His prime temperament was the alternation of violent excitement, desire for battle and argument, defense of imaginary sheep against hordes of (equally imaginary) wolves with prostrations of supreme passivity when he lay for hours in glorious exhaustion. He may have, must have led, unknown to me, a secret emotional life more intense than we could have guessed. At any rate in eight or nine years together I learned toward him not mere affection, which is easy and soft, but intellectual respect. Even when almost blind and toothless he retained his dignity; his views of life, if I could have heard them, I should attend as I would Mr. Santayana's. Indeed, in their indestructible innocence of life's meaner phases, both were thinkers of the same kind.

Without moving from this chair there are plenty of things not to get steamed up about. I look through the magazine called *Fortune* and find a chap advertising himself as "Annuity Counselor to Persons of Consequence." This might be embarrassing: how does one know whether one is a consequential person?

I'm wondering just what was the nudge behind these notions? I think I can identify it as a letter from V. B. enclosing a remarkable passage he found in the London *New Statesman* ten years ago. It was in one of the articles by "Affable Hawk"—which was a pen-name of Desmond MacCarthy, wasn't it? Anyhow V. B. suggests it for reprinting here, and I agree. We are quoting, then, from the *New Statesman* of August 8, 1925:—

"What have I really felt? What are men and women really like? What do they really feel? Wherein really lay the charm and significance of that object, that place, that person, for me, the exquisiteness or the horror of that moment? What sort of stuff is our life made of? If I take a strip called a day, an hour, can it be called happy, miserable, good, bad—anything? How much of it was merely liked, as though mechanically? Yet if I put it under the microscope, how complicated its texture seems? What delicate things there were in a morning's boredom, what ex-

(Continued on page 20)

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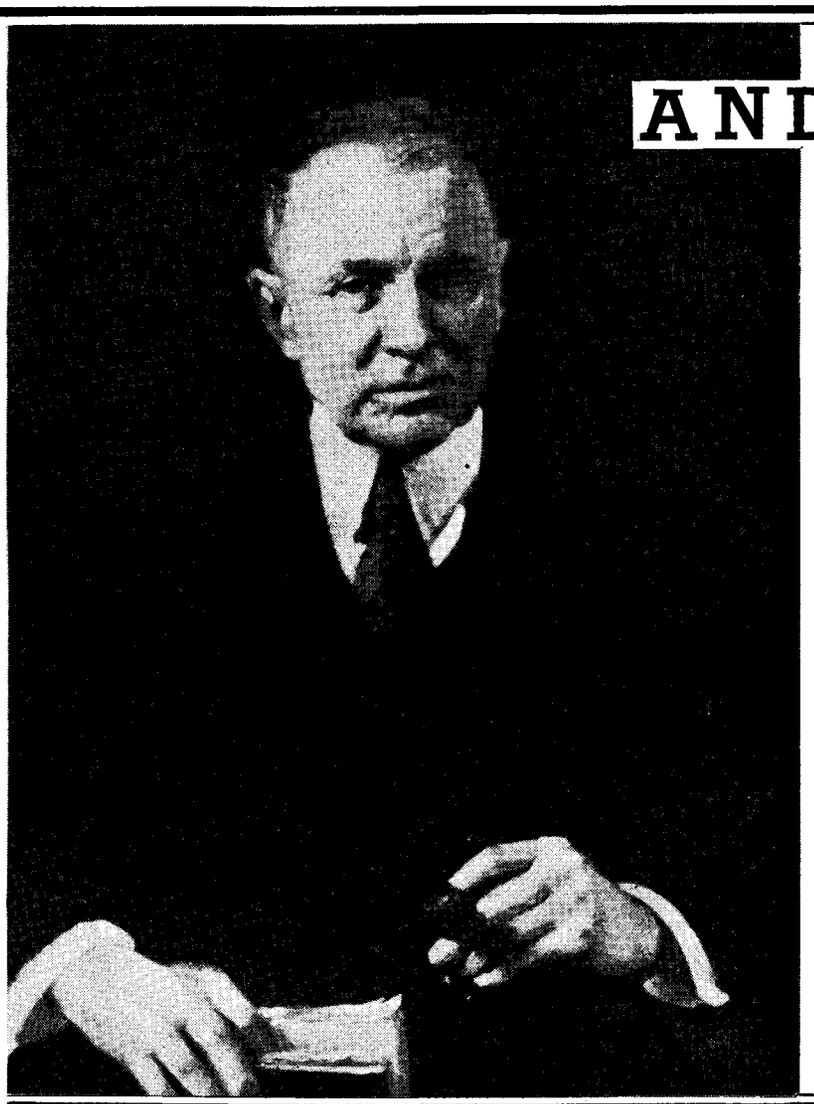

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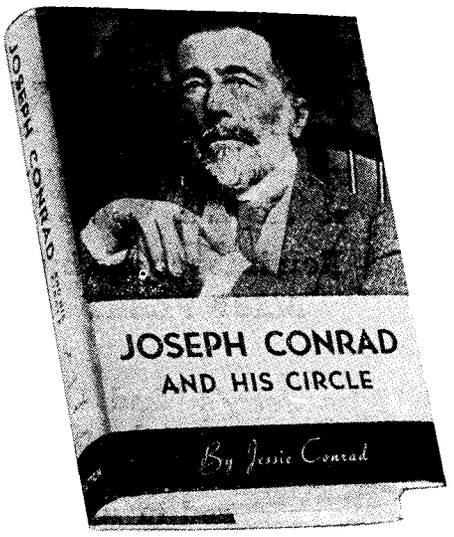

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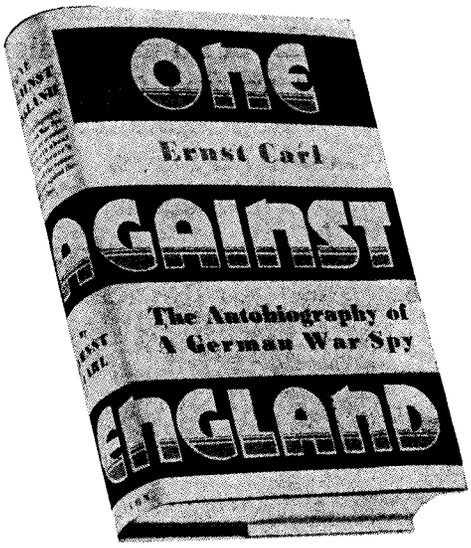

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The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 16)

cruciating ones in my delight! And those emotions which snatch me out of myself? Love? What is really happening to me when I 'love'? Am I in pain or is this happiness? When the pain stops, do I still 'love'? In what way do I care for someone else? Have my feelings any relation to the object? Do I ever really see her or him, or only my own feelings? Is it all imagination and desire? Imagination? Why was I so disappointed at that moment? Why did that other event fill me with such secret and complete satisfaction? Why have I ceased to care about what a moment ago seemed so immensely desirable? Why does my soul ache for a past, spent perhaps in longing for the present? Are others possessed by the same egotism, which snatches at what must disappoint, clutches at what it would rather let go? Is the reality always a cheat? Is it only distance which lends enchantment to the view? What do I really care about? *What*? Art? God? Man? Myself?

"In a literary work of art these questions, and a hundred more, find an answer, though they are not necessarily asked in it. But on the pertinacity with which the artist has put them to himself depends the clearness and depth of his vision; and if he can only reach down to what he has really felt, that vision will carry with it an imposing authority for others, possess a kind of unity which, though philosophically it is no pledge of truth, is nevertheless capable of giving satisfaction to the mind and the esthetic sense which piecemeal observation of truths never can. Such a work is, too, a substitute for that intimacy of communion which life seldom allows. He who asks of art a purpose beyond itself forgets that to respond to it is an escape from human loneliness, the only one except religion possible to man."

II.

Now it is evening; as black outside as it was yellow before; several odd things have happened since the paragraphs above. I was given a chance to read *The Eve of St. Agnes* aloud to two young women of 15 who had been assigned the poem for school work. Delightful to see how their unspoiled apprehensions seized upon its loveliness, noted its humor, fell fresh and happy under its sovereign spell. They agreed that it would make a grand movie, and I think they noted (though without comment) how Keats's fine taste passed rapidly over the danger-points of the narrative where a celluloid director would be tempted to linger with crude emphasis. Their immediate comment was that they'd like to dramatize it for their school play at Christmas. Indeed I hope they will!—And then this evening, a night suddenly windy and chill and apt for verses, a young poet from Pittsburgh found his way here in the dark and exclaimed that he owed me Three Dollars. I had quite forgotten them: it was true that six or seven years ago, when he was possessed with frenzy to start a bookshop, he had written begging a loan. Everyone else he wrote to had the sense or kindness to turn down his project; but I, a natural numbskull, had saddled him with a loan too small to be any use yet large enough to bother his good conscience.—His poetry is not as good as Keats's, nor like to be, but of course I begged him to let the small contribution stay on deposit. I'm glad to have it in such Live Storage.

Then, rummaging some old letters, I found one of a year ago, from a stranger in England who had seen (in a book written a good many years past) an allusion to another poet—who also died at Keats's age of 26. Poets whom you might think forgotten have sudden surprising ways of coming back to the instant. Here is the letter:—

"You mentioned Francis Ledwidge, well I can tell you that brought back memories. We were pals in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

"It's strange all the war books that have been written, and by poets too, I have never seen Ledwidge mentioned. You will probably guess that I am not a literary bloke, for we never discussed poetry, my fault of course, but Francis introduced me to rum punch one terrible cold night near the Serbian frontier. I was only nineteen then (Dec. 1915) and wouldn't touch anything, but he made me drink some, it certainly warmed me up for the night.

"If ever anyone looked a poet it was Ledwidge, his hair used to be of unsoldierly length, and he was the one and only person I've ever seen with 'burning' eyes. He made no attempt to be popular in the battalion, he was red-hot Sinn Fein and he didn't care who knew it. I believe it was Lord Dunsany who got him to enlist. Lord D was our company officer, the fellows could spin some yarns about Dunsany who was *very* unorthodox as an officer. My last memory of Ledwidge was when we had to retreat on Salonika from Serbia, and how I remember that long swinging stride of his, anyway before we reached Salonika he took sick, before going into the ambulance he calmly sold his waterproof cape to a French cavalry officer for forty drachmas, gave me a wave and away, later I heard he was killed in France."

WM. FITZGERALD

Sheerness, Kent, England

After all, poetry and rum punch are essentially the same.

Arthur W. Bell (Falmouth, Mass.), who is a great collector of verses and literary allusions about the cloth, wants to know the authorship of the following:—

The ladies praise our curate's eyes,
I do not see their light divine;
He always shuts them when he prays
And, when he preaches, closes mine.

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OLD LOOPY: A Love Letter for Chicago. By Christopher Morley. Chicago: The Argus Book Shop, Inc. $1.

Reviewed by BURTON RASCOE

RAILROAD engineers have been known to fall in love with their engines. Tugboat captains have been known to speak of their tugs like doting spouses. Sailors often seem to fall in love with their ships, mechanics with their machines, racers with their automobiles, aviators with their planes. Men have fallen in love with inanimate objects and mystics, like women who are in love with love, have fallen in love with abstractions.

Chris Morley is the only bird, however, that has ever become moony about Chicago. To a Chicagoan or to an ex-Chicagoan this feat of the affections on the part of even an incurable literary Lothario like Chris is almost incredible. If he should speak of having made a pass at Chicago or of having *made* her, it would be a bit puzzling to a Chicagoan but at least it would have been comprehensible. But to go soft about Chicago; to write her a mash note, that, to a Chicagoan, is like trying to hold hands with the statue of Liberty or trying to neck the Bethlehem Steel works.

And to speak of Chicago as "old Loopy," is a kind of familiarity possible only to an Easterner, possibly only, perhaps, to an Easterner of Chris's excessively amorous affability. Chicagoans have never loved the Loop and for twenty years they have struggled desperately to disentangle themselves from the Loop's horrible, constrictor-like embrace. Only in recent years have Chicagoans partially freed themselves. Chicagoans think of Chicago as formidable, brutal, impersonal, Golem-like. They may think of corners of Chicago or of aspects of Chicago with affection and as havens of companionship, friendship, and warmth of feeling; but even these they think of as *havens,* as refuges from the vibrating, metallic-like character of the city as a whole. The city itself is like a huge powerhouse, in which groups huddle or individuals wander about in isolation trying to create the distractions of beauty or truth from the grim, relentless drive of the city.

And yet, despite the flagrant inappropriateness of the title, "Old Loopy" and the designation of this tribute to Chicago as "a love letter," Chris has caught much of the spirit of the city in this brochure. In fact his text actually belies the title:

> I think she has less hypocrisy, less prudential qualms than some of her Eastern neighbors. She admits more freely the impulses of love, laughter, lunacy—even of anger, greed and fear—which make up life . . . the defiant razzing of some spirit of mischief, thumbing its nose at death . . . a foreboding, luring, pagan cry . . . She is unruly at heart; more than a little goofy . . . She will never be sad or blasé.

These are not the adjectives to evoke the kinsprit appellation, "Old Loopy." "Old Loopy" sounds like a nickname you would give a likable old codger, an amiable sensecent who has long been out of the running, not to a person given to mischief and thumbing of the nose.

Chicagoans *are* hospitable; they are friendly with the friendliness of neighbors in small Middle-Western towns and with an unquestioning acceptance of people, until they prove themselves otherwise, as well-intentioned, friendly, and without ulterior motives. Chicagoans for the most part walk without fear, even during the reign of gunmen, because their hearts are pure. Chicago gangsters, catching something of the relentless determination of the city, and something also of the town's special code of honor, do not turn their machine-guns on nursemaids and baby-carriages in hazy, hop-headed irresponsible fear like gunmen in New York: they lined their marked ones against a wall in a garage in the St. Valentine's Day massacre and performed their executions with thoroughness and dispatch. Chicagoans have not those guarded and questioning looks New Yorkers so commonly wear; they have not that formal attitude, that unsmiling, speculative, appraising look so common to New Yorkers when they meet some one. This is because your Chicagoan has had to cultivate independence, self-confidence, and the special virtues of the peasant and the burgher; and, fairly sure of themselves, the Chicagoan can be hospitable and warm-hearted, generous and fair-minded.

That is what Chris has found in Chicagoans; and he has found scenes of strange and quickening beauty in that most powerful of cities; and so Chicagoans will be pleased by Chris's tribute and by the fine imagery of his prose which will enable them to see familiar things with new eyes—and yet I suspect Chicagoans will wink at one another behind Chris's back. Particularly when he makes such solemnly comical statements as, "She was nearly ruined, intellectually, when Henry Mencken (solemnly, naively, not intending any joke) insisted that she was the Literary Capital of America." They were New Yorkers, not Chicagoans, who took Mencken's pronunciamento seriously. Chicagoans knew their Mencken: they knew also how easy it was to annoy a New Yorker, especially of the breed of literati, and how Mencken delighted to do it.

Burton Rascoe, author and critic, was formerly literary and dramatic editor of the Chicago Tribune.

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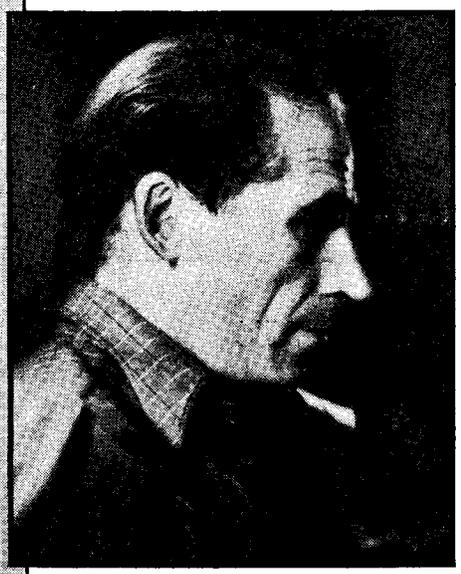

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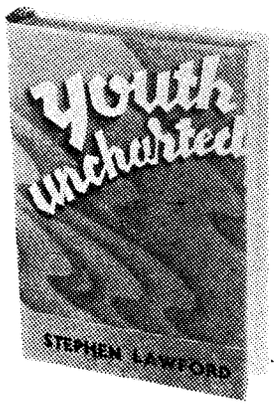

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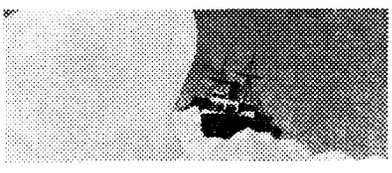

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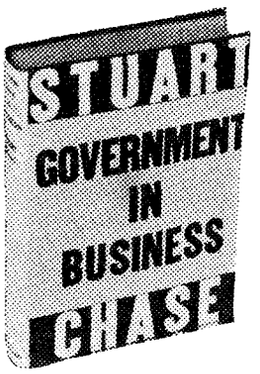

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Classy Literature

PROLETARIAN LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES: AN ANTHOLOGY. With a critical introduction by Joseph Freeman. New York: International Publishers. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

SOME of the inclusions in this collection, the first offering of the Book Union, are surprising to a middle-class reader: if they are proletarian literature then a good many American writers have been speaking prose without knowing it, and an excellent proletarian anthology could be assembled from people who would be alarmed if they found themselves classified as anything but boorjoy. Some of the omissions are even more surprising and make one suspect that some of Mr. Freeman's six editors have applied the principle he quotes from Edwin Seaver—have divided authors into Party writers and non-Party writers and let it go at that. If you are a Trotskyite, it appears, you may write about the exploited as much as you please, but you will not produce proletarian literature. Which may be sound dogma but is confusing.

Some confusion is implicit in any attempt to make an anthology of class literature, but it is increased here by unsatisfactory definition. Mr. Freeman's otherwise excellent introduction fumbles pretty badly when he undertakes to tell us just what proletarian literature is. Messrs. Phillips and Rahv are more illuminating —their "Recent Problems of Revolutionary Literature" is one of the best things in the book—but they, too, ignore a fundamental principle.

Class literature, the literature of any class whatever, quite apart from its esthetic function which may in part at least affect all classes, must serve at least one of two functions. First and most important, there is the function of heightening and unifying the sentiments of the class which it represents. It may confirm or increase their group-consciousness, step up their solidarity, make stronger their sense of power and injury and communion, and create, propagate, and enliven those vital myths, beliefs, ideals, aims, dogmas, slogans, personifications, purposes, and sanctions which are at once the bonds that hold the class together and the energy that makes action possible. Second, there is the interclass function. Literature may be an agency of attack on other classes or of conversion among them. It may assist disintegration, weakening the other classes by making them pity or fear the class it represents, giving them a sense of shame or guilt or futility, hammering at their doubts with ridicule or horror or terror. Or it may proselytize among them, converting the essentially religious symbols of its own myths into symbols acceptable among the religions it invades, and carrying the position by outflanking it with visions of the greater glory to come—or the equivalent in the eschatology of the period.

These functions are usually quite distinct. Only rarely and only in great literature will they coalesce. A work of genius may well fuse them together, achieving symbols that are both incandescent for its own class and immediately authoritative for other classes. But the usual disparity between them is especially marked in proletarian literature. For the proletariat is composed of the least educated, least sophisticated, least intellectually complex elements of society. The fact may be distasteful to champions of the proletariat, but it must be taken into account by writers and critics, whatever their class. Literature, to be "live" for most of the proletariat, must employ simple, crude, naive symbols, must work primarily with caricature or sentimentality or invective or the pink spot or the offstage violin, must use the simplified technique of the pulp story and the sex movie and the cheap melodrama if it is to be understood and effective in its most important function. No sophisticated art of the proletariat is possible till the proletariat becomes sophisticated, yet the more faithfully and effectively literature serves this function, the less effective it must be in the other one. That is why literature that can really inspire the proletariat will, except by accident, continue to be written by actual proletarians for a long while yet. That is why intellectuals who join the movement from outside will continue to be effective writers principally as they are evangelists or propagandists among the heretics.

CLIFFORD ODETS

"Proletarian literature . . . has had its finest artistic achievement in the drama."

Such considerations must be kept in mind while reading the present collection. It contains, for instance, a number of exhibits which demonstrate that some proletarian authors can write as badly as any on earth—that they can be clumsy, derivative, imitative, sprawling, uncorseted, priggish, and damned dull. But, considering the purposes of the anthology, that judgment is in part irrelevant, since the esthetic shortcomings of such writing may facilitate its class function. Thus Tillie Lerner's "The Iron Throat," which is crude and awkward, and Grace Lumpkin's "John Stevens," which is as mawkish as any temperance apologue in a Methodist weekly, may conceivably serve the primary purpose of class literature far better than, say, the subtleties of John Dos Passos which only sophisticates can appreciate.

By the more usual criteria, the fiction selections are the worst in the volume, drama esthetically the best, and literary criticism the most interesting. The fiction is badly chosen. Any bourgeois critic could have made a better showing for proletarian literature from novels of the last five years, frequently from the same writers represented here. Much of it is either plain bad or pretentiously bad. A good deal of it vindicates bourgeois Hollywood by employing formulas as mechanical as any Cinderella story and by painting up its goblins of the exploiting class in shapes and colors accommodated to the mental age of eight. On top of this, a surprising amount of it is tricked out with the arty spellings and punctuation that Dos Passos took over from Joyce, and one wonders why such an accessory of decadent capitalist art is essential to the literature of the workers. Ben Field's "Cow" would be first-rate stuff if the author were a Trotskyite or a millionaire, and no pitch of Party orthodoxy could make Philip Stevenson's "Death of a Century" anything but lousy.

Poetry goes better but is uneven. Eliot —who is probably to be classified as fascist—is imitated in it almost as often as Dos Passos is in the fiction; and, whatever their ardor, such people as H. H. Lewis, Norman MacLeod, and Charles Henry Newman are bad poets. Kenneth Fearing and Horace Gregory, on the other hand, are very good ones. They are too mannered and elliptical to be much read by the proletariat and will be acclaimed chiefly in infidel parts. Isidor Schneider and James Neugass work far more directly with the emotions and symbols of the class for which they speak: they are within the myth-making function of proletarian literature. But probably the truest class poetry of all is that which, rather ambiguously, is called Folksongs. More of it might well have been included, and surely there should have been selections from the Little Red Songbook.

Proletarian literature in America has so far had its finest artistic achievement in the drama. "Black Pit," "Stevedore,"

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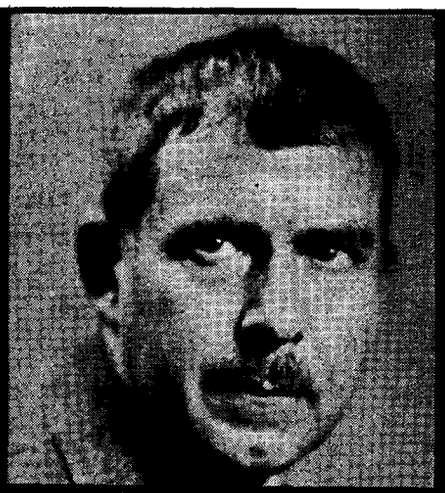

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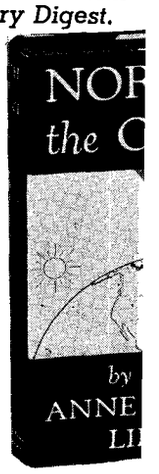

HARCOU AND C

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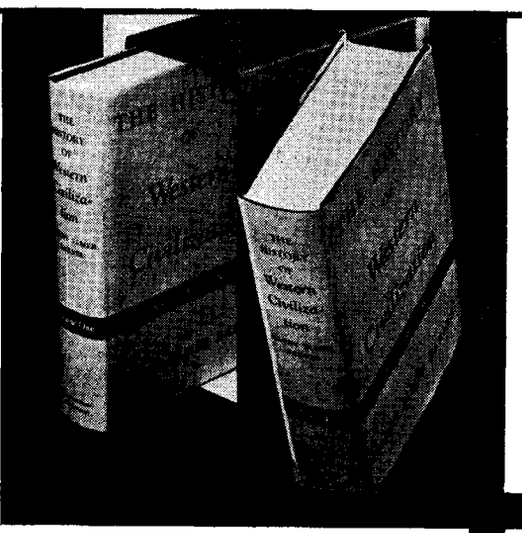

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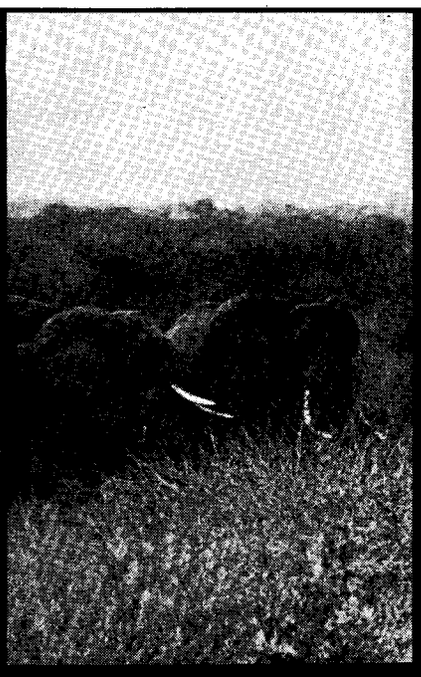

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The first leg of the eastward journey was a hop from London to India by Rolls-Royce car, filled with people mad enough (strangers to each other) to relish such an experience. Then the author visited Nepal, the Andaman Islands, Malaya and Siam. His keen observation and gay spirits are an irresistible combination. Widely reviewed as a new, refreshing sort of travel book, GRAND TOUR is already in its second printing.

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"They Shall Not Die," and Clifford Odets's "Waiting for Lefty" are represented here. They are accompanied by Alfred Kreymborg's "America, America," which does not live up to them. The section called "Reportage" (Mr. Freeman assures his audience that the term has Moscow's *nihil obstat*) contains some excellent writing, but one wonders why it was included. It must be intended solely as an exhibit, for reportage fully as sympathetic to the workers appears regularly in the capitalist press. Meridel LeSueur's "I Was Marching" is easily the best of it.

The essays grouped under "Literary Criticism" can mean nothing to the general proletariat, but they are more interesting to an inquiring infidel than anything else in the book. Here is where the theology of proletarian literature is formulated, its canon determined, and the tests to be applied to it for orthodoxy set forth—with holy water and exorcisms to reveal the presence of fascism. It varies, of course, in intelligence and maturity, and includes one bit of collegiate smarty-pants that tends to discredit the serious work it appears with. But the sum is valuable and arresting: here, so far as literature is an offensive weapon, is the actual front of class aggression. Here is where the myths, dogmas, and philosophies of history are being selected and validated.

The collection has the defects of a first attempt, and the solid virtue of putting into one book a number of representative selections. It has one serious blemish: the biographical identication of authors is much too brief. If, as we are told, writing is to be classified as Party and non-Party literature—Christian and pagan, Mormon and Gentile, Eddyite and M.A.M.—then we boorjoys want to know whether a writer presented to us as proletarian has taken out his papers. Does he or doesn't he belong to the Party? So far as we are concerned the question of whole-hog honesty is a typical middle-class sentimentality. But conceivably the proletariat might feel the same curiosity in a more realistic frame of mind.

Where Medievalism Persists

BLACK TENTS OF ARABIA (My Life among the Bedouins). By Carl R. Raswan. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1935. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM THOMSON

DOUGHTY was a romantic; Lawrence was a romantic; and so also is Mr. Raswan. Yet how different are the pictures of Arabia and its Bedouins which their imaginations paint for us in spite of all their notes and memories? Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" is instinct with the glories and horrors of the Arab Revolt and yet pervaded with a subtle, intense feeling born of a sensitive conscience sickened by the betrayal of the Arabs, of which he was at first the unconscious agent, but later its witting, if unwilling, instrument. Doughty's Arabia is a bare, wide emptiness of sky and earth and his Bedouin a creature of this emptiness, his life a weary round of misery and famine, his mind almost as empty as his environment save for his sense of God as "the only refuge and rhythm of being." But Mr. Raswan's imagination conjures up another Arabia, full of color and movement and romance, a medieval world of knights and fair ladies, Border-forays and raids, and dynastic struggles. His princes and shaykhs go hunting with falcons and hounds, and game is plentiful; even ostriches seem to abound. They raid each other's flocks gaily, but are as courteous and generous as any perfect, gentle knight even in the heat of the fray.

The exodus of a whole nation is depicted for us, driven from its pasture-lands by drought and famine, trekking into the enemy's country in "an immense tidal wave more than five miles wide." It might have meant red war, but Bedouin diplomacy triumphed, and the enemy tribes evacuated part of their pasture-lands to succor their distressed foes, and peace still reigned in the desert, an object-lesson for nations of a supposedly higher civilization. A Bedouin love-romance is also told in a simple and moving style. Faris and Tuëma meet and fall in love much like Romeo and Juliet, and their love also ends in tragedy. For their wedding is celebrated at the death-bed of the hero, who dies on his nuptial couch, but triumphs over death by planting a son in his wife's womb to bear his name hereafter in this brave world.

The difference between Doughty's picture of Arabia and that of Mr. Raswan can, of course, be explained in part without reference to their quite distinctive romantic moods. Doughty remained a stranger in a strange land, and his wanderings were confined to Inner Arabia, the Nejd and the Hijaz. Mr. Raswan, as he himself confesses, "lived entirely as a Bedouin," and his sojourn was among the rich and lordly tribes of the northern Syrian desert, where chiefs live like medieval lords and knights. He had also the inestimable advantage of being a blood-brother by adoption of the chief of the Ruala tribe, the dominant confederation of the region, whose war-time chief, Nuri Sha'lan, embarrassed Lawrence at Nebk by asking which British pledge was true, the McMahon pledges to the Sherif of Mecca, or the Sykes-Picot treaty.

Mr. Raswan's observations on tribal customs and superstitions will also be of some value to anthropologists, sociologists, and Arabic scholars. He describes the ceremonies of reception and blood-brotherhood, such customs as the taking of an oath by a twig, the giving of a safe-conduct by painting the tribal emblem in blood on the riding-camels, and the drinking of a panther's blood to acquire its boldness and strength, and much Bedouin animal lore. Especially interesting is his account of the Ruala "Markab" (Ship), or "Abu Duhur" (The Father of the Ages), the sanctuary of the tribe, "a singular structure adorned with hundreds of small tufts of ostrich feathers and barbaric decorations" borne by a fawn-colored camel, in which Tuëma rode as a sort of priestess one day in the exodus, singing and exhorting the warriors to fight and die nobly. In heathen days such a structure would have borne the idol of the tribe about in its wanderings and accompanied it in its wars like the Ark of Israel and the idols of the pagan Meccans.

Mr. Raswan tells his story in a simple, picturesque style, and the seventy-two illustrations are a joy and a delight filling out his text. There are a few trifling mistakes in the English, which will not, however, disturb the reader much, if at all. The author's own gusto in his subject conjures up a picture of pastoral loveliness, which even the "Tin-Lizzies," which all the shaykhs seem to possess for travelling and raiding purposes, cannot spoil.

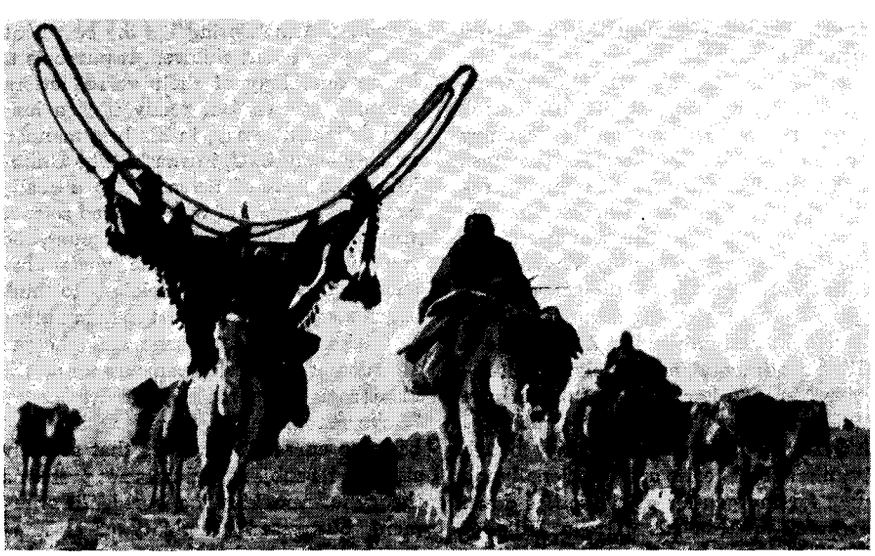

Illustration from "Black Tents of Arabia."

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The Amen Corner

"Indubitably the most important living woman writer of prose fiction." That is an English critic's opinion of Constance Holme, whose seventh novel, *Beautiful End*, has just appeared in the *World's Classics* series.[1] Her unique quality is more and more recognized in this country. The other day she was the subject of a broadcast from a well-known radio station.

Along with *Beautiful End* the Oxford University Press added *The Compleat Angler* to the *World's Classics* in a volume reproducing all the typographical charm of the 1676 edition—the first to include both Walton himself and Cotton's second part—with facsimile title-pages to each part, and blocks of the ten original woodcuts of various fish. There is also an introduction by John Buchan (now Lord Tweedsmuir). And all of this, charmingly bound, for only 80 cents!

Three complete chapters of *The Compleat Angler* are included in the new *Oxford Anthology of English Prose*,[2] chosen by Arnold Whitridge and John Wendell Dodds. The plan allows the reader unusually full extracts—whole essays or self-contained passages; and the companion *Oxford Anthology of English Poetry*,[2] edited by Horward Foster Lowry and Willard Thorp, represents longer poems in similar measure.

Abyssinia and Italy,[3] the factual pamphlet which the Oxford Press published a week or so ago sold out on the day of publication, and is now in its second printing. It is being followed by another pamphlet on *The Economic and Financial Position of Italy*.[4]

A new series which we are getting more and more fond of is *Life and Art in Photograph*. The latest volume is called *Sailing*[5] and consists of 100 superb photographs of sailing ships of all kinds, chosen and introduced by Augustine Courtauld, the young explorer whose five months underground at the Greenland ice cap furnishes such a thrilling episode in *Northern Lights*[6] by F. Spencer Chapman.

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The First Five Readers

(*Continued from page 4*)

and yet have an emotional density which the short story cannot equal, against the Great Danes of the trilogies, or her own more elaborate novels. I prefer "Lucy Gayheart" even to "O Pioneers!"

This novel seems to me the only first-rate achievement in creative literature on the list I have chosen, but there are others very good, and one American story that is close to first rate. "Captain Conan"* by Roger Vercel, is an unusual French war novel, a story of the men who love war, who are men in war, and children or criminals out of it, who flourish on violence and decline into a paunch, diseases, and idleness in peace. James G. Cozzens, who wrote that excellent Connecticut story, "The Last Adam," has done the first good ecclesiastical novel I have read for years. "Men and Brethren"* is more than good, it is excellent; and it is original, for here is not only a background of the church and religion, but the deeply religious man at work in contemporary New York, at home in a great city, a friend to Mammon and his cultivated ways, a specialist in the difficulties of his wife, and yet a Christian in the best sense I have seen offered by any recent novelist. This young man, unlike most of our younger novelists, is actually interested in character, and prefers it good, as long as it is intensely human and so intensely alive. The best novels I have read, next to these, are John Knittel's "Doctor Ibrahim,"* a remarkable tale of Egyptian nationalism with one of those incredibly ambitious Levantines as hero, and a background which will be entirely new to American readers. Also, though it seems to me more interesting for its fresh and poetical background in frontier Oregon than for its characters and plot, "Honey in the Horn," by H. L. Davis, a book that easily lifts above the ruck of current fiction.

I enjoy travel books and sometimes mistrust my own critical judgment for that reason. I am sure that I am not wrong, however, about Rockwell Kent's "Salamina."* There is too much of it, especially too much about his housekeeper Salamina. Just the same, Kent's partly Europeanized Greenland comes to life in his book as no such wild and primitive country has for me, at least this year. His drawings have a hard brilliance that is highly romantic, but his writing is haphazard, humorous, and with a quality of friendship in it that is very engaging. Vivienne de Watteville's "Speak to the Earth" attempts something of the same kind with the natives and animals of Africa. She is a little sentimental, nevertheless I felt interior Africa in her book as I never have in the dozens of big-game narratives I plough through. And Hemingway, though his animal butcheries are occasionally too much for my gentler spirit, settles down now and then in his "Green Hills of Africa"* to a line of description or dialogue that nobody writing now can equal. In sheer charm, unforced and modest, Anne Lindbergh's "North to the Orient" is best of all. It is slight, but I don't see how it could have been better done. Another slight book, but vivid, is Carl R. Raswan's "Black Tents of Arabia." There is a chapter in it describing a chase of the gazelle with falcons which outdoes fancy. There has been no scene like it in the so-called civilized world since Chaucer wrote "The Knight's Tale," remembering such noble pageants of the hunt.

As for the strong meat of information or argument, I would strongly recommend a group of biographies and several books in science. John Jay, one of the founding fathers who has never had justice done him, comes to his own at last in "John Jay: Defender of Liberty," by Frank Monaghan, a real biography, scholarly but well written, with none of that frippery of imagined dialogue and invented scenes which have made so much recent biography read like a cross between a melodrama and source book. Burton Hendrick's "The Lees of Virginia" is also an excellent full-length study of a great American family, that carries on the tide of its narrative the flow of American history for two centuries. And I have especially enjoyed also Roger Fulford's study of a not-so-bad Englishman, "George IV," and Harold Nicolson's biography of an extraordinarily good American, "Dwight Morrow." The best of all, I suspect, is R. W. Chambers's "Thomas More," an ideal biography, balanced, authentic, penetrating, of a man great enough and important enough and interesting enough in his personality to deserve such a biography. But I must not neglect to mention Thomas Boyd's "Poor John Fitch," a tragic story of courage, injustice, and failure, which should make all the hotels named "Robert Fulton" change their names forthwith; and Milton Waldman's sound and very readable "Joan of Arc."

I should add to these, as miscellaneous and last mentioned, but not in a derogatory sense, a quite remarkable group of books. Walter de la Mare's "Early One Morning in the Spring," is the best book of the year about children. It purports to be an anthology of their verse, letters, journals, stories, but really it is a long and delightful essay, in his best manner, on childhood. C. C. Furnas's "The Unfinished Business of Science"* is a really excellent account of what applied science still can do for us, an exciting account, and very valuable because the writer has enough philosophy and sociology to think of science in terms of what human nature can take. Faster airplanes and cheaper food do not mean for him a cure for all the ills of society. Last of all is Stuart Chase's "Government in Business," which is a book on current economics that actually sticks to its subject, and does not present a theory for remaking the world. His argument, buttressed by plenty of circumstance, is simply that the government *has*

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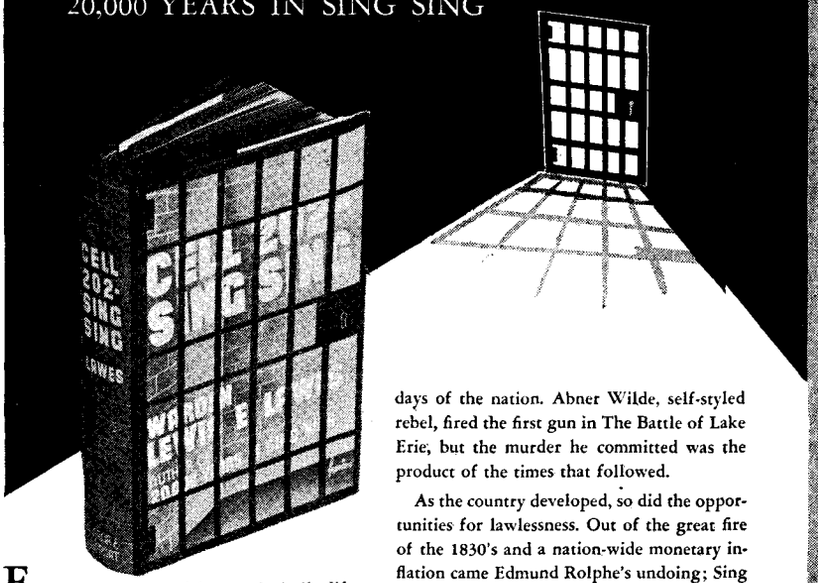
The Human Drama of America's CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Cell 202 SING SING

by Warden Lawes

author of 20,000 YEARS IN SING SING



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An enormous amount of research has gone into the making of this distinguished novel. Each life story, based on fact and truth, covers a wide range of human activity. In the stories of these crimes of ambition, greed, passion and vengeance there is enough excitement, tragedy and romance for a dozen novels. The men and women in these pages are so real . . . their feelings so understandable . . . their acts so inevitable, that the reader cannot help breathing to himself, as in a prayer of thanks, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." 704 pages, $3.00.

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Coming October 21, HANDS, *by Charles G. Norris*

A SAGA OF THE BUILDERS AND THE WOMEN THEY LOVED

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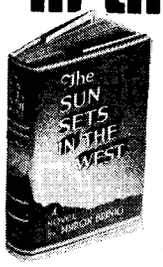


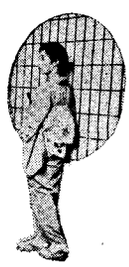
BY *Myron Brinig*

author of SINGERMANN

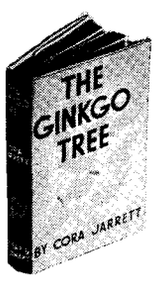
"He contemplates his people with an understanding that is the beginning of wisdom . . . In each of them Brinig finds something which means more than life, something which makes the wheels go round and which is hugged close to the heart. Whether it is a dream of Jerusalem, a secret vice, a thwarted love; whether it is a store, a bank account, a hidden ambition or a vision of brotherhood. That is Brinig's aim in this book—to find the touchstone, the secret spring."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* 360 pages, $2.50.

Facing Two Ways

by Baroness Ishimoto



"A fascinatingly true story, told with an exotic, quiet charm . . . delightful reading."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "It is a happy thing that the western world can have a book like this from and about Japan."—*Boston Herald.* 373 pages, 29 photographs, $3.50.



THE Ginkgo Tree

by Cora Jarrett

The new thriller by the author of *Night Over Fitch's Pond.* "A romantic and very clever tale . . . grand entertainment."—*New York Times.* 339 pages, $2.50.

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South

by Frederick Wight

A pitched battle is never fought over a dull book! *South,* already in its second printing, has become the storm center of a violent literary controversy, while the public is reading and enjoying it. 634 pp., illus. $3.

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to go into business, is going into business, will continue increasingly to go into business, whatever *The New York Sun* and The Liberty League say about it. Read the book and you will believe him.

H. S. Canby

Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher:

FOR some weeks now books have been arriving at my door in increasing numbers. So many have they been that confronted with the duty of commenting upon them I think it better to take only three and really say something about them than give to a longer number a mere mention.

Everybody, I imagine, is about as tired of books about Russia as I am. The groan with which I receive yet another volume about that country, is probably an echo of what is being groaned around the reading world. But what can you do—such extraordinarily interesting books on that subject continue to be written, and there are so few extraordinarily good books written about any subject, you can't afford to miss them. This comment is apropos of "Romanoff," certainly one of the most significant books of the season and one which gave me keen pleasure and satisfaction. Not only does this brilliant story of life in the pre-Great-War Russian navy completely explain, excuse, and justify the Revolution, it is a crushing indictment of my particular bête noire—authority for the sake of authority, so-called "discipline" (by which slavery is meant) for the sake of slavery. Whenever I try to say my say on this subject, I choke myself with rage. It does my heart good to see somebody so much more clever than I as to be wholly indignant, and yet able to be witty and fascinatingly interesting while heaving bricks with all his might. There's an implicit tragic poetry about the book too. When the imposing-looking cruiser (in reality rotten all through) steams away, at last, your own mind supplies a darkening cloud of doom settling down about it.

Various as the human mind itself—of course, inevitably!—is the flood of new books. A platitude, yes, and yet there is something almost amusing in the contrast between this study of adult male life on a cruiser, and Sigrid Undset's "The Longest Years,"* in which she writes a detailed, quietly told recital of exactly what happened to her in her childhood. She was (except for brilliant brains) quite a normal little girl, and Norwegian life is more like American than that of any other European country. Most of what she tells us could have happened in the suburbs, or in the city of Detroit, or Boston, or Philadelphia, as well as near Oslo. Certainly every word of it has the recognizable ring of truth. It is packed full of seldom-told, seldom-recognized, and very significant truth about little girls and their growth.

There's a kind of book, the kind that presents us with authentic new historic material, which is, to be paradoxical, interesting even when it is dull. The discovery of a trunk full of letters written by Dean Swift or Wordsworth's Annette or Thomas Jefferson, would stir us, even though the letters were mostly about bills and the weather. "Poor John Fitch" is based on a mass of such never-before-printed material, and in addition tells a strange, absorbing, colorful, almost painfully human story of eighteenth-century life on this continent. More than that, it gives us a clearer understanding about the history of the invention of the steam-engine than you (if you are like me, not especially gifted in mechanics) ever thought your mind could take in. A first-rate, not to be missed, contribution to American history, in the meaning of "history" as an understanding of the past.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Mr. Morley:

IN my stint (or chore?) of reading I have encountered (now rapidly, now with serious care) about eighty books of this season. I am asked to mention briefly those that have most interested me. I shall speak, saving your presence, with unmannerly freedom; in the same offhand frankness we use at the monthly lunch-meeting of the committee. I dare say it's the oysters always served by our host on those occasions that promote candor; shellfish (I'm always told) are rich in iodine and mettle. I'm not "reviewing" these books, simply contributing to a conversation. One of my list, a highly readable

says JOHN ERSKINE:

Magnificent—
an altogether great book

In this extraordinary novel JOHN HARGRAVE has written a story that hums along at terrific speed. He shakes off every academic convention, to bring you closer than Fiction has often done before to the real feeling of life. He thrusts you into the swirl of passions, joys, surprises, tragedies, dramas of individual men and women of the little village of Carton. A single, tremendous drama emerges.

"By far the most interesting and important piece of experimental fiction I have come across in a long time."
—HERSHEL BRICKELL

JOHN STEINBECK, author of *Tortilla Flat*, says: SUMMER TIME ENDS has an enormous impact. It would be silly to say it is a great book until a few years have passed. Just now it does seem to me a very great book. It is surprising how quickly the unique method becomes natural to the reader.

Summer Time Ends

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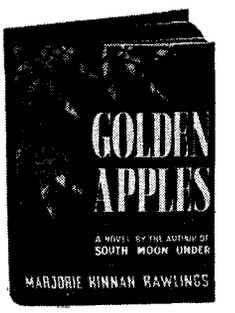

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novel called "The Jury" (by Gerald Bullett) suggests the relativity of all judicial process by showing how members of a certain panel were led toward their verdict by their own private histories and prepossessions, which had nothing—and yet everything—to do with the case. So in all human judgments; and so here. These notes are personal coefficients, not elaborated criticism.

It looks like a good season. I think at least one book has the marks of greatness. Like all books of that stature it will be more talked about than read. For various reasons ballyhoo has been part of its history from the beginning. I mean of course "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom." A strange book to describe. Mr. Canby last week spoke well of its tormented quality. It has elements of "Hamlet," of "Pilgrim's Progress"; it is a sort of "Tarzan" for cultivated readers. Sunstroke and frost of the desert have purged its prose of all grossness. Written with the uncanny élan of a camel charge, with the lens-like focus of Kipling. More like an opera than a book.

In compliment to another weekly, *The New Yorker*, let it be noted that three of the most attractive of our list were saluted in fragments in its pages. "Life with Father," by Clarence Day, is extremely amusing, and (as one gradually perceives) much more than that too. It is a study of American family life which, only a few decades away, seems almost geologically remote. I think of it in company with a now forgotten but brilliant book by Edmund Gosse, "Father and Son." Father Day climbs right out of Woodlawn cemetery, just as he said he would. Arthur Kober's "Thunder Over the Bronx" (a title perhaps too smart-alec for a good book) is done with thicker strokes, but a fine detail painting of New York's Decimal System (the Ten Tribes). I wish it could be reviewed by Nicholas Murray Butler. Its humor is loving, observant, phonetically superb. — "Manhattan Reporter,"* by Morris Markey, is the kind of thing few real Manhattan Reporters are allowed to do, or could if they were. Superb sketches drawn from the tangled skein of Bagdad-on-the-Subway. It answers a great many of the questions we have occasionally wondered: what happens in Times Square at 3 A. M., or what do young fathers look like when they call for the babies at the Lying-In Hospital.

"The Stars Look Down" (by Dr. Cronin): melodrama on a really opulent scale. It has every ingredient: seduction, rape in a church pew, shell-shock, catastrophe and horror in a flooded mine, pacifist in prison, scoundrelly employer, "the papers," virtuous apprentice and rascally ditto, vice triumphant and virtue counted out. Boucicault or Blaney must recognize themselves tyros at a meller compared to Dr. Cronin. Even Dickens is a greenhorn. I'd have been glad personally, to see this chosen as a Book-of-the-Month: it's not important but heavens it's luscious. (It *is* the Book-of-the-Month in Canada. Don't read it unless you can Take it. Dr. Cronin writes books that are, technically, gorgeous. He might even write a great one; but his publishers probably pray that he won't.)

"Lucy Gayheart" (by Willa Cather). To me, a disappointment. Charming, always agreeable, but definitely run-of-the-mind Cather. It is an interesting mind, therefore an interesting book. Plot conventional. Episode of the footprint at the end is banal, but satisfying on a level of bathos. I feel the same way about Miss Glasgow's "Vein of Iron," which I (in minority of our committee) thought also Lower Level. Plot completely stereotyped. A spinsterish book, with some fine character drawing, but only rarely calling out Miss Glasgow's strongest qualities.

A very odd pair of shelf-fellows, both about Africa, are Vivienne de Watteville's "Speak to the Earth" and Ernest Hemingway's "Green Hills of Africa."* Miss de Watteville went to Africa to live as close to animals as possible; to watch them. Mr. Hemingway, to shoot them. In spite of the hardboiled manner, Hemingway's book is oddly "literary." He talks well about American literature and "sonsabitches" in the intervals of game-shooting. A book of the Safari School. A pity to get oversensitized about critics and literary people, who are mostly unimportant.

Some of the best and least consciously Good Writing is in a couple of unassuming crime stories: "Skin for Skin" by Winifred Duke, a book of extraordinary pathos and cruelty; and "Headed for a Hearse" by Jonathan Latimer, which we have already described as "the flavor of straight gin."

I suppose I've got to be brief. "The Wind Blew West" (Edwin Lanham) is my own choice among this season's crop of pioneer tales. It's a story of the unsuccessful struggle to make a town in Texas an important railroad center. It has some Indians in it who seem real; it has color and shove and real narrative magic. "Asylum" (William Seabrook): a remarkable true story of what a psycho-

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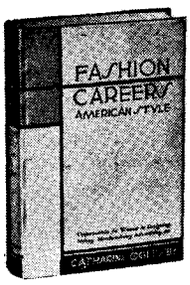

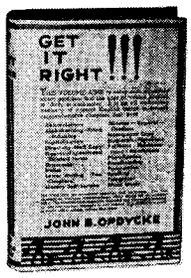

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The excerpts quoted below give, better than pages of description, a taste of the wise and witty flavor of "the most civilized book of our time."

. . . loyalty to doughnuts

Actually our love of fatherland is largely a matter of recollection of the keen sensual pleasures of our childhood. The loyalty to Uncle Sam is the loyalty to American doughnuts, and the loyalty to the *Vaterland* is the loyalty to *Pfannkuchen* and *Stollen,* but the Americans and the Germans will not admit it. Many Americans while abroad sigh for their ham and sweet potatoes at home, but they will not admit that this makes them think of home, nor will they put it in their poetry.

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MY COUNTRY and MY PEOPLE

By LIN YUTANG

The Camel-back Bridge

The best architecture is that which loses itself in the natural landscape and becomes one with it, belongs to it. This principle has guided all forms of Chinese architecture, from the camel-back bridge to the pagoda, the temple and the little open pavilion on the edge of a pond. Its lines should soothe but not obtrude. Its roofs should nestle quietly beneath the kind shade of trees and soft boughs should gently brush its brow. The Chinese roof does not shout out loud and does not point its fingers at heaven. It only shows peace and bows in modesty before the firmament. It is a sign of the place where we humans live, and it suggests a certain amount of decency by covering up our human habitations. For we always remember to put a roof on *all* our houses, and do not allow them to stare at heaven in their unashamed nakedness like modern concrete buildings.

. . . culinary art

Now you cannot develop a national culinary art unless you are willing to discuss it and exchange your opinions on it. The first condition of learning how to eat is to talk about it. Only in a society wherein people of culture and refinement inquire after their cooks' health, instead of talking about the weather, can the art of *cuisine* be developed. No food is really enjoyed unless it is keenly anticipated, discussed, eaten and then commented upon. Preachers should not be afraid to condemn a bad steak from their pulpits and scholars should write essays on the culinary art as the Chinese scholars do.

. . . a child's laughter

We have really no desire for exploring the South Pole or scaling the Himalayas. When Westerners do that, we ask, "What do you do that for? Do you have to go to the South Pole to be happy?" We go to the movies and theatres, but in the heart of our hearts we feel that a real child's laughter gives us as much real joy and happiness as an imaginary child's laughter on the screen. We compare the two and we stay at home. We do not believe that kissing one's own wife is necessarily insipid, and that other people's wives are necessarily more beautiful because they are other people's wives. We do not ache to reach the foot of the mountain when we are in the middle of the lake, and we do not ache to be at the top of the hill when we are at its foot. We drink what wine there is in the pot and enjoy what scenery there is before our eyes.

So much of life is merely a farce. It is sometimes just as well to stand by and look at it and smile, better perhaps than to take part in it. Like a dreamer awakened, we see life, not with the romantic coloring of yesternight's dream but with a saner vision.

Concubinage

It is useless to defend concubinage, unless one is ready to defend polyandry at the same time. Ku Hungming, the Edinburgh M.A. and profuse quoter of Thomas Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, once defended concubinage by saying: "You have seen a tea-pot with four tea-cups, but did you ever see a tea-cup with four tea-pots?" The best reply to this are the words of P'an Chinlien, concubine of Hsimen Ch'ing in *Chinp'inmei:* "Do you ever see two spoons in the same bowl that do not knock against each other?" She knew what she was talking about.

Getting vs. Enjoying

One often wonders how the West could have failed to see that the meaning of life lies in the sane and healthy enjoyment of it. The difference between China and the West seems to be that the Westerners have a greater capacity for getting and making more things and a lesser ability to enjoy them, while the Chinese have a greater determination and capacity to enjoy the few things they have.

. . . the female form

The most singular contrast between Chinese and Western art is the difference in the source of inspiration, which is nature itself for the East and the female form for the West. Nothing strikes a Chinese mind as being more grotesque than that a female figure should be labelled "Contemplation" or that a nude bathing girl should be made to represent "September Morn."

High Praise

"I recommend it for its acute insight into Occidental institutions, ideas, and ways of life. . . . You will be stimulated and refreshed by a great deal of wisdom about life."—*Nathaniel Peffer in the Saturday Review.*

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pathic hospital is like—what used to be called a lunatic asylum. After he got used to it Mr. Seabrook found it so pleasant he hated to return to the insane hazards of the outside world. One scarcely blames him. "Miss Marvel" (Esther Forbes) is delightful but agitating reading; a study of Old Maids and the specialized goofiness of elderly virgins. This is the first novel I know written from the standpoint of the all-conquering hormone. It's motto might be *Hormone sum, nihil hormoni a me alienum puto.* Its rich physiological background blinks nothing, there are none of poor Miss Marvel's functions that we do not ruefully consider. A wise, compassionate, troubling book: I warn women against it.

"Romanoff," translated from the Russian of Leonid Soboleff, is one of my prime favorites. I do not predict for it any large success, though its humor is scandalous and its ironies of pure metal. It is a story of the Russian navy in 1914, and of a naval *émeute* that didn't come off. This book and "Captain Conan,"* a French war-story by Roger Vercel, are unlikely to receive the admiration they deserve. I commend them with full homage. In respect of subtle execution, irreverence toward established solemnities, and social prescience, they are more valuable than many novels now getting citation.

"Golden Apples" by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, a romantic story of the Florida scrub country, gave me much pleasure. It is handled with sure delicacy. "They Lived" (E. Thornton Cook) is a retelling of the lives of the Brontës, theme of perennial appeal. "The Circus of Dr. Lao" (Charles G. Finney) is a completely inscrutable absurdity; much funnier than the standardized buffoonery of some eminent punchinellos; what it means no one has dared to suggest. Perhaps it's a fantasy of the New Deal? At any rate it is disreputable, sardonic, and good freak.

"The Johanna Maria,"* translated from the Dutch of Arthur van Schendel, is a touching story (or fable) of the love of a seaman for his ship. It is highly (a little too highly) praised by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. I enjoyed it, but it is a book for relatively few. So also Walter de la Mare's wise and moving omnibus of child memory and child feelings, "Early One Morning." It is a kind of anthology-disquisition on the spirit and genius of childhood. A book beautiful in sensitiveness; a trifle too solemn or wistful, perhaps; a bit too much Nanny and Night-Nursery for the embittered American. It requires a reader of trained intuition. More in the bloodstream of the gross Westerner is Bob Davis's "Tree Toad,"* the autobiography of a small limb of hell who was Bob Davis himself. This book would horrify and appal Mr. de la Mare, yet it also has in its rough and ready way a tenderness for Lilliput.

I haven't much space at command and am omitting several books of specialized genre that—for reasons of my own own—give me comfort. "The Exemplary Mr. Day" by Sir Samuel Scott is an entertaining excursion in the most amusing of centuries (the eighteenth)—a study of the author of "Sandford and Merton" and his search for the Paragon of Women. "Science versus Crime" by Henry Morton Robinson, an account of modern methods of detection, is more interesting than many mystery stories. "The Unfinished Business of Science"* by C. C. Furnas I need not discuss: it has been chosen as a forthcoming Book-of-the-Month.

That's twenty-seven books, more than most good easy citizens are likely to need between now and Christmas. I've left to the last my own personal favorite of the whole lot. I please myself with some vehement notions about it, and cannot possibly recommend it at large and sundry. As a work of fiction it creaks deliciously; but it is (to me) completely and irresistibly charming. I refer to George Santayana's forthcoming novel "The Last Puritan."*

The courage of our committee in choosing such a work as "Book of the Month"! I mustn't say too much about it now, for it won't be published until December. It is fiction in about the same sense as "Marius the Epicurean" is. In manner it is rather a blend of Samuel Butler and William Dean Howells. To me it is enchanting to find an eminent philosopher, one of the truly distinguished minds of our time, dipping his pen into the novelist's inkpot—and thereby showing us that the arts of fiction have some validity after all. What makes this book unique, and a real purgation of taste, is its subtle and benevolent innocence. I know that some of my colleagues don't agree with me: I find "The Last Puritan" as unworldly as "Alice in Wonderland." Its characters are mostly phantoms, abstractions; they all talk pure Santayana; the episodes of its plot are of the Ralph Henry Barbour order; it deals with the very nicest people behaving like Shirley Temple dolls, and completely unaware of the comic, gross, and urgent blood that moves in human veins. But the whole thing is so illustrious with wit, soliloquy, purity of thought, nimble dialectic, that it far transcends the crude force of a novel and becomes an essay. It becomes a kind of piety; the monstrance in a ceremonial rite.

I haven't scratched the fine-baked enamel of this delicious curiosity. I have a horrid fear that I ought not to be so amused. . . . It's Santayana and Pollyanna at once, combining (as Munsey used to say) the best features of both. I hope I've made someone want to read it.

Christopher Morley

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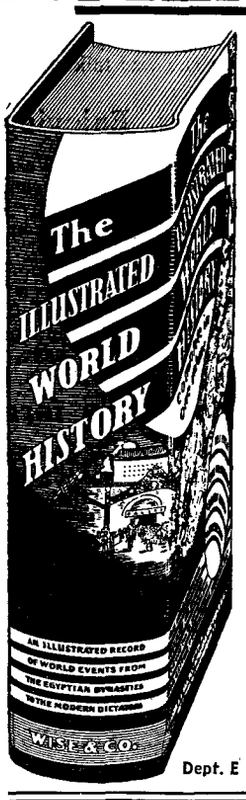

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How We Become What We Are

GENETICS. By H. S. Jennings. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1935. $4.

Reviewed by BEVERLY W. KUNKEL

PROFESSOR JENNINGS has accomplished admirably the purpose set forth in his preface, of presenting "the fundamental features of genetics . . . of which every educated person should have knowledge."

The science of genetics at the present time is based upon the conception of the gene and Jennings's presentation is such that the completeness of the gene theory is more obvious than in any other volume hitherto published. The science of genetics embraces "the effects of the diversity of materials received from the parents and with which the individual starts life." But as these materials are affected by the treatment they receive throughout the whole course of development; that is, by their environment, the science must disentangle as far as possible hereditary and environmental differences.

The genes are sub-microscopic masses which are arranged in series like beads on a string, which collections of genes are visible at times in the nuclei of all cells, as chromosomes. Furthermore, specific genes have in the chromosomes precise positions which are practically constant and in nearly all are cells present in pairs. The most important exceptions to this paired condition of the chromosomes are the mature sex cells which unite to form the fertilized egg, the unicellular beginning of a new individual. There is experimental proof that in the process of maturation of the sex cells the genes of paternal origin are separated from those of maternal so that the chromosomes of the sex cells differ from those of all the other cells of the body by having only one complete set of genes, some of which came from one parent and some from the other. And, of course, the parental cells in turn contain combinations of the genes of the grandparents, and so on. Herein lies what we may term the lottery of life. Each germ cell furnishes its own apportionment of paternal and maternal genes to the next generation. The number of pairs of genes is very large; the particular genes of these thousands of pairs going into our own particular fertilized egg from which we develop, determine our heritage, our individualities and abilities. It is no wonder that the biologists have found the study of the chromosomes in the germ cells so interesting.

It would be quite beyond the scope of the present review to attempt an analysis of the multitude of experiments which have contributed to the theory of heredity. The student of chromosomes and the experimental breeder have both furnished confirmatory evidence. Only the briefest possible allusion may be made to some of the most significant experiments. The fact, verifiable by microscopic examination, that the chromosomes in the male and the female of many species show differences, and the fact verifiable by mating particular individuals and noting the distribution of characteristics in the offspring, prove that certain characteristics in the individual are handed down precisely to those individuals which receive a certain recognizable chromosome. Thus there can be no doubt but that certain traits depend upon the presence of certain chromosomes. By controlled matings it is also possible to substitute one chromosome for another with corresponding changes in characteristics. This has been abundantly demonstrated by many workers through thousands of matings of fruit flies and other animals and plants. The intensive study of the chromosomes of certain fruit flies exhibiting irregularities in the transmission of ancestral traits proved there were definite irregularities in the behavior of the chromosomes during the formation of the germ cells; thus the connection between the chromosomes and inherited characters was further confirmed.

So many different characteristics have been found to be altered by changing the genes by specific matings that we may assert that there are no characteristics which are exempt from the influence of the genes. In the human species the dependence of differences in mind and character upon genes or environment can be determined to some extent by observing what characters show Mendelian or sex-linked inheritance, but the small number of offspring of one pair of parents and the impossibility of controlling mating render this method of study less effective than in many laboratory animals. By the study of identical twins whose equipment of genes is known to be identical, light is thrown upon this important question. Unfortunately we are not yet in a position to make very positive statements. In a study of identical twins with criminal records, for example, the conclusion is stated on page 203 that "everything that helps to determine whether a man shall be a criminal or a good citizen is deeply affected by his heredity," but from observations and measurements of identical twins which have been separated at an early age, the conclusion is stated on page 263 that "identical twins that have lived apart show many different combinations of likeness and unlikeness with respect to intelligence, temperament, and emotional characteristics."

Parts of the book are of necessity complex, but the author is at all times clear and quite understandable to the attentive reader even without a biological background.

Beverly W. Kunkel is professor of biology in Lafayette College.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 79)

JOHN MILTON—
"SAMSON AGONISTES"

To what can I be useful?—
. . . . .
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burdensome drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pitied object, these redundant locks,
Robustious to no purpose, clustering down,
Vain monument of strength.

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A BOOK of poetry that I recommend is published by a coöperative group living in the Southwest. It is *John Gould Fletcher's* "XXIV Elegies" (Writer's Editions: Santa Fe, New Mexico). A beautiful book, the contents sombre and beautiful, the manufacture of high distinction. Conrad Aiken has said that Fletcher's "is a sort of absolute poetry, a poetry of detached waver and brillance, a beautiful flowering of language alone." I find also in these present poems a steady drumbeat, the thud of a dark marching; and just as there is great impact, grimness, and splendor in the "Elegy on the Russian Revolution," there is intense and moving beauty in "Elegy of the End of Love." Fletcher's rhythms are various but they move with inevitable power. The orchestration of "Elegy on a Nordic White Protestant" is positively brilliant. Here is a mere fragment:

Slowly, the moon, bronzed by the heat of the day,
Passes, a lithe brown fluteplayer;—
Slowly on streets where the dust hovers and settles,
From the mule-drays that rattled along
Bearing their bales in the morning;
Swinging the brown-bagged Cotton,
Out of the fields to the town;—

The variety of this book may be shown by some of its titles: "The Jade Elegy," "Elegy on Thomas Alva Edison," "On a Burnt Airship," "On the Building of the Washington Bridge," "In a Civil War Cemetery," "On Tristan in Brittany," "On Tintern Abbey." This is noble verse. It is a book you must taste slowly. It is the work of a poet with intense and wild imagination leashed by a profound pessimism. Fletcher was one of the first of our innovators. He still writes chiefly without rhyme. I think he rather agrees with Milton concerning it. But his verse has a fluidity and flexibility that wholly avoids monotony. As to descriptive power:

We wait, we see
The smoky glories of the orange sunset,
The evening star, a trembling topaz hanging
To the last thread of light.

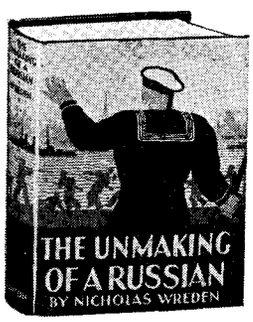
I wish to give myself a little more time upon Edgar Lee Masters's "Invisible Landscapes," so I shall turn next to "A Spectacle for Scholars" (Viking), by *Winifred Welles.* As I note by the jacket-flap of her book, by the fine and distinguished work in her three prior volumes —thin in bulk but rich in poetic content— she has gathered to her some definitely laudatory critical opinion. In that category I am proud myself to be represented. For I stand among those who think Winifred Welles one of the finest craftsmen among our women writers. In the delicacy of her touch, in a certain inner austerity even when she is most pagan, in the manner of voicing her particular preoccupations, she is definitely a daughter of New England. And now she sets before us four New England narratives, concerning, naturally enough, such delectable eccentrics as we have been accustomed to associate with its bleak hills and stony pastures. We have the most arresting story of Abigail and the hands that were not hers; we learn how Miss Leffingwell comported herself in a flood while writing a history; we have Lemuel Greene inventing a new language and Parson Perkins meeting and falling on his knees before a little lady as elfin as she who bewitched Tam Linn. In other words, there is mystery in the ancient New England soil, mystery and even horror—and Miss Welles, as though with a willow wand she walked seeking secret springs in the countryside, knows how and where to detect that mystery and magic.

Two things I wish to say about her present book: first that it is very well wrought, a book of beauty and shy humor; second, that I myself happen to care more deeply for her shorter poems.

But that is merely to state a preference. There is no doubt that she has proved, in the book before me, that she can sustain a narrative. But in the particular type of stories she has elected to tell there is—save in the first—not enough opportunity for the swift salience of which she is capable in shorter work, for that extraordinary flash of epithet and ambushed felicity suddenly leaping forth that she has accomplished many times in the lyric.

Burton Stevenson, who has compiled the "Home Book of Verse" and the "Home Book of Quotations" now gives through Dodd, Mead, a small compact volume on "Famous Single Poems," which furnishes a lot of entertainment. Here are the life histories of fifteen famous sets of verses that attained enormous popularity. There was a great controversy over John Lucky MacCreery's "There is No Death," whether written in 1859 or no; there is the story of "Kaiser & Co.," as recited by Captain Coghlan of our Navy *undsoweiter;* there is the history of Clement C. Moore's "A Visit from St. Nicholas," and among the dozen other poems commented upon are "Casey at the Bat," Ben King's "If I Should Die Tonight," "Ben Bolt," "Beautiful Snow," "Nothing to Wear," "Rock Me to Sleep," and Young E. Allison's elaboration of the famous song in "Treasure Island" beginning "Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest." Whether poems like these became international incidents or simply remained the remarkable efforts of "one-poem men," Burton Stevenson has done a good job of compilation.

Another book of poems from this same firm, illustrated by a versifier who is also a draughtsman professional in his technique, is *Don Blanding's* "Memory Room." Mr. Blanding is the author of a whole string of books of this kind, "Vagabond's House," "Songs of the Seven Senses," "Hula Moons," and so on. He is a big fellow who has acted, painted, and knocked around the world at many trades. His lectures are enormously popular, as he is a born entertainer. He has a natural gift for verse, just as he has a gift for drawing—the former, as he writes it, is rather the Robert W. Service sort of thing.



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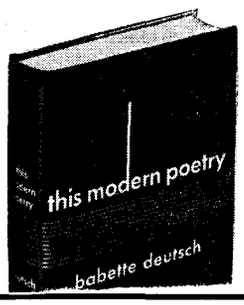

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Selected Books for Children

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HAVE gone over the shelves still crowded with children's books, and from among the volumes there I have chosen an assortment that particularly appeals to me and that also seems to me to represent variety at its most interesting. I have chosen to notice only one poetry book among them and that is the work of probably our best compiler of poetry, Louis Untermeyer. The publisher is, of course, Harcourt, Brace. This is about the only kind of poetry book Mr. Untermeyer has not as yet compiled, and it has the additional advantage of being illustrated throughout by Reginald Birch, with his veteran and still delightful style. It is "Rainbow in the Sky," for children of the ages from six to twelve. Mr. Untermeyer has already compiled a book specially for children in their teens, which you will know of. But here, in an unusually wide range, are gathered together over five hundred poems principally of all the classics of childhood, in most engaging sectional treatment, with a great deal of humor, and enhanced by a sprinkling of more modern verses by such well-known poets as Hilaire Belloc, Frances Cornford, Walter de la Mare, Robert Frost, A. P. Herbert, Oliver Herford, David McCord, Rose Fyleman, and Mr. Untermeyer himself. Carroll, Lear, Browning, Christina Rossetti, Guy Wetmore Carryl, and our own Elizabeth Coatsworth are not forgotten; nor are the Bard of Avon himself, John Keats, and Tennyson omitted. In other words this is a grand, large collection that is a necessity for the young child's library.

The most artistic of the books before me appeared this summer. It is Marjorie Fischer's "Street Fair," from Smith and Haas. And Richard Floethe has made it a thing of beauty through his illustrations in two colors. John and Anna are two American children who embark upon a series of delightful adventures in France, principally in the southern part of that fair country. They have a dog, Bou, who becomes a splendid travelling companion. The children are lively, the humor of the story is constant, and its animation unusual. The extreme naturalness of the children and the excellent dialogue of the author contribute also to making this a book I can entirely recommend as a pleasure to the reading parent as well as to the youngsters.

When Lincoln Steffens had published his autobiography he found that the first part of it would specially appeal to children of between ten and fourteen. It is highly individual. Here it is, through Harcourt, Brace—"Boy on Horseback." It is well illustrated by Sanford Tousey. It is really the story of Steffens's own childhood in the California of the '70s, about which there was still the aura of pioneer life. Steffens early learned how to ride and was all over the countryside around Sacramento by himself. What he doesn't know about boys, ponies, and dogs, leaves very little to be said. Moreover he carries the story right up to his college days and his days as a reporter. This is a real boys' book by one who in his youth was the realest of boys. Here is shown, as well as healthy bodily development the development of a lively and independent mind; the Steffens temperament is original; and the episodes of youth are remembered vividly.

When I was a boy I had a particular penchant for stories of Indians. I recall particularly the Indian stories of Edwin S. Ellis, which, although they may not have been the highest type of literature, were extremely good yarns. So when I came across "Moccasins on the Trail," by Wolfe Thompson, illustrated by Richard H. Rogers (Longmans, Green) I added it to my selection. This is the story of an Indian boy before the White Man's coming. He is the son of an Algonquin chief. The author says in his foreword that his book is "based on my belief . . . that the natural state of primitive men was peace and not war." The Indian boy of his story makes a long journey from Connecticut to Minnesota to find his sister, Pretty Flower, and her husband, a Dakota trader. In the course of that journey, of course, he meets with various adventures. The book is well written and its foundation in research is sound. There is plenty of excitement and a good deal is learned as to the ways and customs of the Indians.

I have always had a particular fondness for the narrative of Marco Polo and for the accounts by ancient travellers of the Court of Kublai Khan. Therefore I pounced upon a tale of Venice and Cathay, called "He Went With Marco Polo" (Houghton Mifflin), and illustrated strikingly by the well-known C. Le Roy Baldridge and by Paul Quinn. This book ought to appeal to any boy or girl from ten to sixteen. It is also the story of a journey. From the time when we first discover Tonio cold and hungry in ancient Venice to the time of the Polos' feast of return from the mysterious and infinitely glamorous East, any youngster will follow this story of great exploration and adventure avidly. Louise Andrews Kent is the author, and practised in the art of writing for children. She makes acknowledgment to Sir Henry Yale's great book for help on the atmosphere and details of this story. There is a most interesting map, showing routes, and the graphic black and white illustrations fitly interpret the text.

Another period of history, that of Cæsar's conquests of Britain, is the foundation of Paul L. Anderson's "Swords in the North" (Appleton-Century). Mr. Anderson has already written "The Knights of St. John," "For Freedom and for Gaul," "With the Eagles," and "A Slave of Catiline." I may say again what the *Saturday Review of Literature* said of a former book of his, that "the choice of incidents has a dramatic suspense that makes them memorable." The end papers of this book give the necessary map of the time. The Roman and Britannic characters are listed in cast-form at the beginning of the story. This is a story for older boys and girls and is told in the first person, which lends it immediacy and vivid life. It is instructive as to the time without being in the least dry. It is distinctly of the better class of historical novels for the young, written with considerable knowledge of the lives of the Romans and making an exciting story of the time when Cæsar was founding an empire.

In that boys usually like sport and few books dealing with athletics come to us written by experts, I have no hesitation in recommending in this category "Split

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Seconds," by Jackson Schultz, with an introduction by Grantland Rice, published by William Morrow & Co. These are tales of the cinder-track, written by a famous Olympic champion. Scholz, Mr. Rice remarks in his brief introduction, has been and is a great runner. He is also a good writer. You can be sure that the technical side of these stories is all entirely correct, and any boy who is attracted to track athletics will not only like the stories for themselves but will pick up some sound instruction as well. Schultz has a considerable knowledge also, of human nature in competitive sport. So for the more athletically inclined young members of the household it seems to me that this is a book not to pass by.

Few books handle natural history well. It seems to me that "The Sea for Sam," by W. Maxwell Reed and Wilfrid S. Bronson, does this. It is edited by F. C. Brown and Charles M. Breder, Jr., and illustrated, of course, by Bronson. It has contributions by various scientists on their specific subjects. It is the story of the sea just as former books by Maxwell Reed have been the story of the earth and of the stars. I should say that there was no better beginning book on the sea and all that in it is. Its illustrations contain photographs as well as drawings.

There are other books I wish to mention, but space is lacking for detailed comment. A brilliantly executed book for the child still acquiring a vocabulary, is "The I—Spy Alphabet," by Wilma Hickson and Archie Harradine (William Morrow & Company). Each page illustrates a certain number of words beginning with the same letter, and the pages are duplicated so that the child may make his own coloring experiments.The style of the illustrations is highly satisfying. On the other hand, a type of illustration I abhor, bad in color and pretty graceless in draughtsmanship, appears in "Buffin," by Leone Barrett, pictured by Margaret A. Gaug (Chicago: Albert Whitman). This is the story of a special kind of pet, which I overlooked earlier. "Sooty: An Aristocratic Cat," by Ambrosina Hurcum, pictures by Eleanor Musseey Young (Albert Whitman), also comes into this category, though more attractive than "Buffin;" as does "Bang of the Diamond Tail," by M. and C. W. Gauss (Whitman), an inferior horse story.

"Marty Comes to Town," by Ethel Calvert Phillips (Houghton Mifflin), is a nice, bright account of a little girl from the country who comes to live in the city, though it follows a much-used pattern. Hope Newell's "The Little Woman Who Used Her Head" (Thomas Nelson), made red jackets for her geese, and bought magnifying spectacles to make her meals look bigger. So you can easily perceive the merit of this lady! Also "Ann Frances" (Houghton Mifflin), by Eliza Orne White (a veteran writer for children), is an excellent staple product about a child of five. As for "John Whopper" (Longmans, Green), here is a case of the reviving of a little book first published in 1870, about a Roxbury newsboy who fell right through the earth into China. He also had other startling adventures. And if you are looking for Bible tales for the young, Sholem Asch has retold certain Old Testament stories in "In the Beginning" (Putnam), a volume I can recommend.

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The New Books

Biography

THE SCANDAL OF SOPHIE DAWES. By Marjorie Bowen. Appleton-Century. 1935. $2.50.

A more unmitigated example of the hard-boiled adventuress than Sophie Dawes it would be difficult to imagine. Smollett, a master inventor of sluts, never created one who was Sophie's equal in effrontery, greed, and low cunning. She had not one single redeeming virtue, unless a somewhat athletic and masculine beauty can be so considered. Daughter of a drunken British fisherman and smuggler, she remained ignorant and crude all her life, and never succeeded in acquiring even a veneer of the social graces. Yet she managed to captivate the Duc de Bourbon, one of the wealthiest noblemen of her day, and to hold him, subdued and unhappy, while she amassed out of his revenues an easy fortune for herself.

She possessed all the vices, but the most flagrant was snobbishness. She was passionately determined to be a great lady among the elegancies of the restored Bourbon court, which was unfortunately so strict as to countenance no acknowledged mistress such as Sophie. Her determination, however, was not to be thwarted. She would persuade her lover, a weak and foolish old man, to leave his vast property to anyone who could arrange for her admission to court. Louis Philippe found the bargain attractive and agreed to her terms, whereupon she hounded the last survivor of the princely Condés until he had unwillingly signed away his estate to one of the Orleans princes. Later, when it began to look as if the old man might be planning to revoke his will, he was found one morning hanging to the *espagnolette* of a French window in his bedroom by two handkerchiefs passed one through the other. Sophie had lived up to her side of the bargain, even when it meant murder. Louis Philippe had, by this time, become King of the French, and Sophie did not suffer for her misdeeds, though she contrived to get very little pleasure out of court life, so black had her reputation grown.

The life of Sophie Dawes constitutes one of the most nauseatingly sordid tales in history. It is pure, concentrated unpleasantness without even humor to relieve its monotony. All the characters are abysmally contemptible. Miss Bowen has had to overcome great difficulties to make them appear at all human and credible, but by the utmost in skilful presentation she has given to the drama of their lives a quality of reality, unwholesome, disgusting reality, but genuine. Only an artist in biography could have used such materials successfully; in Miss Bowen's competent hands they become the ingredients for a masterly treatment not only of unadulterated viciousness but also of the society which permitted it to thrive.

C. D. A.

Fiction

MADE IN AMERICA. By George Madden Martin. Appleton-Century. 1935. $2.

This is a short, kaleidoscopic, "through the years" novel—the story of a penniless Irish boy caught up by the various influences of the times (1875 to 1935), and turned into a multimillionaire. The author, well-known as a writer of children's stories, and prominent in social work, seems to have retained in writing for adults a wistful hope that Easter bunnies come from hard-boiled eggs. For the hero, Sherry McNeill, does nothing at all but attend board meetings for the big boss after his first success at twenty-odd. His millions roll themselves up, just within the law, and the final result is the pathetic man of too much money, wondering at sixty why he made it—the one woman of his life has died—and what he is going to do with it. And the author still hopes that the futility of the result is balanced by the value of the effort involved.

The minor characters of the book, the poor of the back alley, newspaper men, financiers, inventors, are occasionally drawn well and with insight, but it is difficult for the reader to decide whether he is supposed to be on the outside or the inside of the hero's mind. And if this innocent buccaneer who could not help making money, who sold his initiative for life to the big boss (in spite of his poetic Irish idealism) and never regretted it with anything but a faint yearning, is a typical American, we had better all become communists. The theme would be justified if it were written as a great tragedy, or an ironic comedy, but it is only a nice adventure story, with a longing for the stars.

M. P.

FROST AT MORNING. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Little, Brown. 1935. $2.

Adela Stokes, a novelist of sixty, and Mardi Drixall, a Southern beauty of eighteen, two abnormal but lovable women, hold the centre of this novel and keep it moving steadily toward its close. It is the coming of Mardi that aggravates the ancient memory in Adela Stokes's mind of infidelity and murder, and it is the oppressive heat and her growing ill-health that finally bring the past and the present together in catastrophe. All men fall in love with Mardi, and, her emotional growth forced and then killed by a love affair and seduction at seventeen, her response is vivid and often tangential. The Westover household, normal, pleasant people, are swept by the storm of her passions. Curiously enough in so emotionally overcharged a book, its intellectual qualities, its craftsmanship, are outstanding. It is a well-planned, intelligently written novel. The country house setting is charming but unobtrusive, the maid, the dog, and the motor car providing good chitter chatter. The tension increases absorbingly through the month's heat wave; the development of Miss Stokes's neurosis and the unfolding of the character of Mardi are treated with restraint. But one's interest in this tempest is bounded by the tea-pot.

E. C. W.

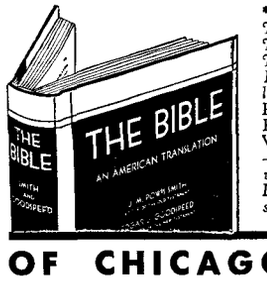
CHANCE HAS A WHIP. By Raymond Holden. Scribners. 1935. $2.50.

This is an honest and earnest if not specially fruitful restatement of the problem of living in post-war America. The protagonist Hendrick Fillmore, born into a comfortable class, discovers at leisure a genius for business planning and administration. The struggle for material success hardly enters into his case. But while he enjoys his work as a process, its rewards fail to satisfy him. He is unhappy in an unhappy world. He deplores the starless, rudderless course of modern life. Hendrick Fillmore is only one of us ordinary men. Emotionally he is feebler than most of us, with a Werther-like addiction to self-pitying tears. And even the ecstasy and solace he seeks in the flesh and spirit

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO . . the first Bible was printed in English, and seventy-six years later work was completed on the great King James Version.*

WHEN the Smith-Goodspeed *American Translation* was issued in 1931, the editors stated in their preface: "The rapid advance of learning in recent years has thrown new light upon every part of the Bible. At the same time our changing English speech has carried us farther and farther from the sixteenth century diction in which all our standard versions of it are clothed. . . . We have therefore sought to produce a new translation, based upon the assured results of modern study, and put in the familiar language of today."

You remember the storm of praise and blame which greeted this "American Bible." It has sold steadily for four years in the original edition at $3.50 and $5.00. Now a new Popular Edition has been published at $2.00 ($3.75 in leather). Ask your bookseller for the "*Smith-Goodspeed Bible*"—and see if you do not want to own this Bible which has been called "a joy and an enlightenment to the discriminating reader."



*See "THE TRANSLATORS TO THE READER" — the long-neglected Preface to the King James Version, 1611 —just issued, with notes by Dr. Goodspeed—50c.

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of his chosen mate must be heightened with alcohol. Peace is impossible for him because he has a dozen selves and never can trust the one that happens to be in the ascendant.

He is strongest as a business planner and executive, but his growing sense of the selfishness of big business robs him of satisfaction in the role. His efforts toward establishing a more generous relation between capital and labor are dismissed with scorn by both sides. For us the most striking person in the book is the relentless realist Gilligan, one of the head workers in Hendrick's "Steel and Wire Corporation," who sees life as a predestined class struggle, and can't be fooled by the unrealizable dreams of that "good guy" but hopeless visionary Hendrick Fillmore. On the whole, there is too much or too little of this side of the story. It is in a compartment by itself, a minor compartment with a connecting door through which we glance from time to time; thus turning our eyes away from the main action, which concerns Hendrick the fumbler for happiness, the victim of time and chance.

H. W. B.

ENTER PSMITH. By P. G. Wodehouse. Macmillan. 1935. $2.

This is one of Wodehouse's earlier books, but one that apparently had not been issued in this country. It is an English public-school story, full of rags and cricket, and it is not Grade A Wodehouse. But it does introduce Psmith, who was later to become one of the brightest ornaments in the old master's gallery; and Psmith, even as a schoolboy, is entirely in character. Which means that in part, at least, "Enter Psmith" is the genuine article, through an immature specimen. Casual Wodehousians may pass it by; but to the real devotees, who will undoubtedly some day form an association like the Baker Street Irregulars, anything by Wodehouse, and particularly anything about Psmith, is essential.

G. S.

International

AMERICA'S FOREIGN POLICY IN THE POST-WAR YEARS. By Frank H. Simonds. Johns Hopkins Press. 1935. $2.

Here are six lectures delivered this year at Johns Hopkins and revised for publication. Dr. Simonds's thesis is as simple as his style: every Administration from Wilson's to Roosevelt's has bungled its foreign policy because they all wanted to eat their cake and have it too. The United States promotes world peace by advocating pacts that it will not enforce and insists that other nations with totally different defense requirements cut their military and naval cloth to American measurements. But the fundamental contradiction is Washington's perennial refusal to accept payment in goods for the goods that American industry and agriculture insist on selling abroad. Dr. Simonds's own recommendation is economic self-sufficiency and in his final chapter, "The Future," he offers this prescription: "For peace, arbitration; for security, naval parity; for prosperity, protective tariff; and for armaments, limitations."

For a reporter who gives no evidence of

(*Continued on page* 51)

LONGMANS BOOKS

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Third Big Printing

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Virginia, revealed from the personal point of view of one who knows the Virginia of Branch Cabell, Amelie Rives, and Bessie and Beulah who fold diapers in the mills.

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

ROBERT E. LEE. By Douglas Southall Freeman. *Scribners.*

RATS, LICE AND HISTORY. By Hans Zinsser. *Little, Brown.*

THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS. By Ellen Glasgow. *Doubleday, Doran.*

Books About Sea Men

L. R. P. of Glenview, Ill., *asks for the names of books which "will help bend the young twig as it is inclined." Her eight year old son, who has displayed a great interest in geography and has a taste for ships, sailors, and voyages, would like for his supplementary reading "books about sea men." His mother says he reads fluently and can tackle without difficulty works intended for older children.*

I'M delighted to have L. R. P. give me a chance to render her some assistance, for I have had hours of delight all unbeknownst to her from some of her writing. When I recall certain of her tales of Provence, I'm sure her small boy comes by his interest in distant lands honestly. The very book for him, I think, is Padraic Colum's THE VOYAGERS (Macmillan), which contains legends and history of Atlantic discovery. Mr. Colum is always felicitous in recounting exploits of the past for youthful readers and holds their attention on the printed page as well as when he recites his tales for them. Not long ago I watched a group of enthralled youngsters (with an encircling ring of equally interested elders) gathered before an open fire while he held them spellbound with the story of the king of Ireland's son. Another volume which should appeal to L. R. P.'s small son is THE YOUNG FOLKS' BOOK OF THE SEA (Little, Brown), by T. C. Bridges, which contains all sorts of information that ought to interest the boy about ocean currents, ships, and adventure on the sea. Mr. Bridges is also the author of THE YOUNG FOLKS' BOOK OF DISCOVERY, which presents records of exploration from the time of the Egyptians to the voyages of Scott, Peary, and Amundsen. Still other books in this field —and these supply a type of information not to be found in the others though perhaps in form somewhat too advanced for an eight year old—are E. Keble Chatterton's SAILING SHIPS AND THEIR STORY and SHIPS AND WAYS OF OTHER DAYS (both Lippincott).

Mussolini's Italy

K. A. of Phoenix, Ariz., *writes in to ask what book, or books, will bring her up to date on Italy, and also what work she can read on Mayan architecture.*

One of the most complete surveys in English of contemporary Italian history is Sir J. A. R. Marriott's MAKERS OF MODERN ITALY (Oxford University Press), which covers the ground from Napoleon to Mussolini. The work of a sound scholar, this is an excellent book from which to get a general view. As to current fascist doctrine and its working, John Strachey's THE MENACE OF FASCISM (Covici-Friede) is, as its name would indicate, a study out of sympathy with the régime it describes, but one both penetrating and stimulating. On October 17, I believe, MUSSOLINI'S ITALY (Holt), by Herman Finer, is to be published. The advance reports that have come to me of this book would indicate that it is precisely the sort of thing of which K. A. is in search. First presenting the background which made possible Mussolini's rise to power, it proceeds to portray the working of the Fascist state, and incidentally sketches the evolution of Il Duce's career. Mr. Finer, like Mr. Strachey, disapproves of the results of fascism, but he is dispassionate in his attitude and ready to grant eminent ability to Mussolini. A monograph that has immediate bearing on Italy which may prove of interest to K. A. is N. D. Baker's ITALIAN ETHIOPIAN DISPUTE, put out by the World Peace Foundation.

About two years ago books on Mayan civilization began to appear with frequency. From among them I should think the most useful for K. A.'s purposes would be ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS OF MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA (American Museum of Natural History), by Herbert J. Spinden, a foremost authority in the field, and MAYA CITIES (Scribners), by T. Gann.

Welcome Notes

Mr. F. R. Mansbridge of the Cambridge University Press, apropos of the recent inquiry of I. M. H. of Ottumwa, Can., in regard to new studies of Horace, writes: "I M. H. may be interested in Mr. Glover's little book on Horace, published two years ago in the Cambridge Miscellany," and E. B. S. of West Roxbury, Mass., asks to be allowed to suggest HORACE AND HIS ART OF ENJOYMENT (Dutton), by Elizabeth Hazelton Haight of Vassar College, "a very delightful work." And grand news! the American Classical League generously offers further information if I. M. H. cares to address it at New York University, Washington Square East. As for K. C. and her hen, *T. E.* of Cedar Rapids, writes:

> There's a poem, by George O'Neill; "The White Rooster," in Mr. Untermyer's contemporary American anthology; another magnificent fowl in Wallace Steven's PLOWING ON SUNDAY, a poem which, I rashly suppose, gave Sterling North's novel its title; R. P. Tristram Coffin has written about golden cocks in magazine verse which I imagine he's collected into one of his volumes; and there are the poor, defrauded hens belonging to the heroine of Miss Cather's ONE OF OURS; probably not useful is a Ph.D. dissertation on "The Half-Chick Legend," done possibly at Chicago.

Further contributing vivacity to the subject, comes the following from Margaret McLaughlin, of Flintville, Tenn.:

Concerning hens of interest, there is Pertelote, fairest of Chaunteclere's seven wives, in "Nonnes Preestes Tale."

Elizabeth Madox Roberts has a very charming poem entitled "Hen":

> The night was coming very fast;
> It reached the gate as I ran past.
>
> The pigeons had gone to the tower of the church
> And all the hens were on their perch,
>
> Up in the barn, and I thought I heard
> A piece of a little purring word.
>
> I stepped inside, waiting and staying,
> To try to hear what the hens were saying.
>
> They were asking something, that was plain,
> Asking it over and over again.
>
> One of them moved and turned around,
> Her feathers made a ruffled sound,
>
> A ruffled sound like a bushful of birds,
> And she said her little asking words.
>
> She pushed her head close into her wing,
> But nothing answered anything.

Charles Morgan's Books

B. B. of Sikerzton, Mo., *who is much interested in philosophy and a great admirer of* THE FOUNTAIN, *wants to know whether Charles Morgan has written a later book, or whether he is writing one.*

So far as I can discover no volume has been published in this country from Mr. Morgan since his story of the Englishman interned in Holland won plaudits by its commingling of fiction with philosophical reflection. Only the other day, however, I read in the English edition a booklet shortly to be issued here by Macmillan, entitled EPITAPH ON GEORGE MOORE. It is a brief sketch, slight but sympathetic, interpretative of Moore's work with sidelights on Moore the man. Mr. Morgan, it will be remembered, is the dramatic critic of the London *Times* as well as a novelist.

The Tribes of Israel

C. E. M. of San Francisco, Calif., *wants information on "the best in-print books or books on the history of the Twelve Tribes of Israel, and would like especially to secure a copy of Poole's History of the Twelve Tribes."*

For weeks I've been puzzling over C. E. M.'s request, and now I've come to the conclusion that what he wants is books on the so-called Lost Tribes of Israel. If I am correct, then undoubtedly Poole's volume to which he refers is ANGLO-ISRAEL; OR THE SAXON RACE PROVED TO BE THE LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL (Our Race Publishing Co., Box 978, New Haven, Conn.). The Bible Institute distributes for ten cents a pamphlet, by C. E. Putnam, THE LOST TRIBES, and Beauchamp, 603 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., issues J. Wild's THE LOST TEN TRIBES. The tribes, by the way, numbered ten, not twelve, as C. E. M. says.

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Literature Abroad

BY ERNEST BOYD

JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET, the prolific and versatile editor of *La Revista de Occidente,* is best known in this country as the author of "The Revolt of the Masses" and "The Modern Theme," both of which have been excellently translated. Spanish readers think of him also as the writer of many volumes of essays—or themes, as he would prefer to call them — covering the most diverse fields of human thought: art, anthropology, criticism, biography, and history. He once said: "The truth is, I have never written more than prologues," and "La Revolución de las Masas" seemed, in effect, to be his first sustained work. But those who have been following his work for the past twenty years realize how all these "prologues" have consistently presented various facets of a definite philosophy, whether in "España Invertebrada," "Meditaciones del Quijote," or the eight volumes of "El Espectador," which have appeared at irregular intervals since 1916.

Now another collection of essays has been made from the last ten years of *La Revista de Occidente* by Fernando Vela, who discovered that their author had not thought of bringing them together himself in book form. The title, "Goethe Desde Dentro, El Punto de Vista en las Artes, El Hombre Interesante" is made up of three essays out of fifteen and has merely the disadvantage of giving the impression that "Goethe from Within" is the main theme of the book. There are two essays on Goethe, and these are neither more nor less interesting than "The Reform of the Intellect," "Towards a Topography of Spanish Pride," "Hegel's 'Philosophy of History' and Historiography." All are typical of the "themes" with which Ortega delights to play and no serious student of Goethe need open this book in the hope of reading a profound study of the German and his works. The title essay is an explanation why Ortega has no contribution to make to the special Goethe centenary number of *Die Neue Rundschau.*

That explanation, however, supplies Ortega with one of his characteristic themes:

"Is there today any European who is adequately disposed to celebrate centenaries? This year 1932 is too serious a preoccupation for us to be able to attach any of its dates to that of 1832. Nor is this the worst. The worst is that, as our life in 1932 becomes so problematical, what is precisely most problematical about it is its relation to the past."

Ortega then points out that man is inclined to think that the present and the future are more dramatically interesting, but there have been many epochs when the present and the future were as difficult as they are today. What makes the present situation uniquely serious is that the European who can really appreciate the problem intelligently knows that "he despairs, not of the present or the future, but of the past." This uneasiness is explained by the fact that hitherto there has been no break in the continuity of past and present. "We thought we were the heirs of a magnificent past and that we could live on that income" . . . "suddenly we feel disinherited, without traditions, indigent, like newcomers to life who have no predecessors."

It would be difficult to find more succinctly expressed the differences between our dialectical materialists and those who differ from them. The former have never admitted, they apparently cannot even begin to understand, the intellectual position of those who see all culture, the cultural heritage of the civilized world, threatened equally by Marxism, Fascism, and Nazism. It is quite possible to hold no brief against the economic criticism of Marx, but to be appalled by the barbarism invoked by Marxists as ideal, simply be-

IN WILDEST AFRICA

she wanted "to make friends with the animals..."

—AND SHE DID!

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Picture to yourself an attractive young woman (whose father had been mauled to death by a lion) setting forth alone, except for a few native porters, into the wild elephant country of East Africa. Armed only with a tiny camera, it was her wish to unite herself with elemental forces and her sincere desire to *understand,* rather than conquer, the kingly beasts of the forest. She succeeded—and the story of how she did makes one of the most enjoyable books you will read this season.

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FIRST REVIEWS

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335 pages, illustrated, $3.00.

Speak to the Earth

By VIVIENNE DE WATTEVILLE

Preface by EDITH WHARTON

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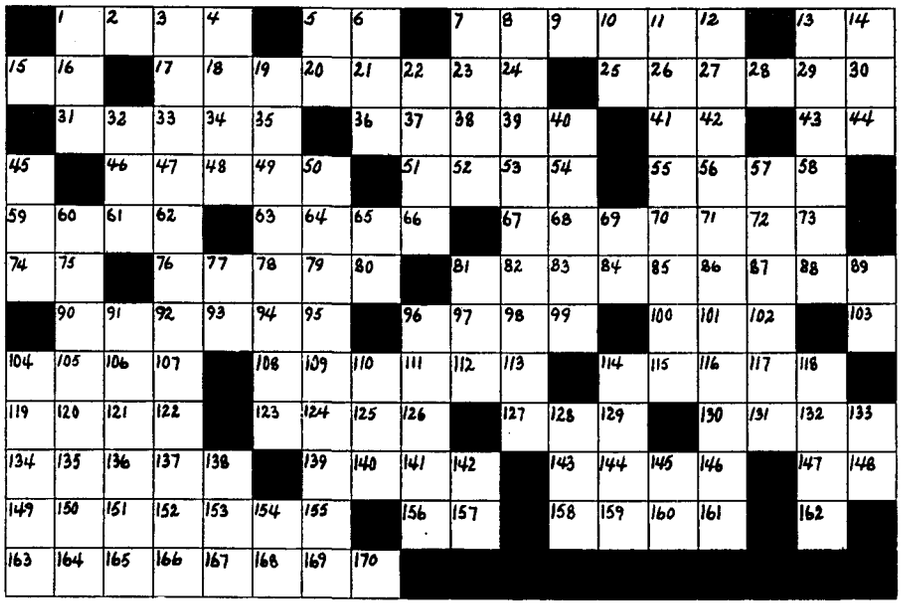
cause the latter are hypnotized by Russian conditions and are too servile to party discipline or too incompetent to adapt economic criticism to meet the wholly different conditions of France, England, and America. The European of Ortega's concept is, for the most part, the product of a civilization which Russia never has known. It is the fate of that civilization, from which we are being cut off, that preoccupies those who can neither grow hysterical over tractors nor sadistically joyful at the thought of ærial warfare.

In "The Reform of the Intellect," written several years earlier than the preceding essays, Ortega's definition of the intellect and its functions dovetails unconsciously with what has been said above and illustrates the close continuity of thought which binds together these scattered writings. After pointing out that applied science and technical results are a by-product of pure science, that they cannot exist without the latter, and that pure science is in danger of being diverted into mere practical research, he insists that the role of the intellect is primarily non-utilitarian. "The intellect has not created peoples, nor manufactured nations. It is curious to notice how, at the stages where nationalities are in the process of creation, the intellectual plays a very secondary part." But when nations emerge as created entities, "then the intellect, matured and adult, steps forward to the footlights of history." Ortega cites the Renaissance as the perfect example of this phenomenon. Then, with Julien Benda, he laments the general decline of the intellect as the intellectuals gradually became more and more involved in reforms and practical issues. "The treason of the intellectuals" to quote Benda's phrase, is largely responsible for the present intellectual chaos. The intellect must work disinterestedly, then it discovers that "pure intelligence" is an optical illusion, because it is an end in itself, whose benefits are reaped as by-products by mankind. We have ceased to imagine disinterestedness in any form under the existing or previous types of dictatorships.

Save to a hardened specialist in Spanish literature, the name of Lope de Vega is hardly one to conjure with. In Spain he has been ranked with Shakespeare and Goethe, but he has been less translated than any other great writer in Europe. For sixty years he wrote an average of two plays every three weeks, and these were three-act plays in verse, while his non-dramatic works run to twenty-one quarto volumes! If mere Castilian copiousness and Renaissance vitality constitute genius, then Lope is all that his admirers claim for him. Among the many tributes the tercentenary of his death this year has evoked perhaps the most graceful—in its merciful brevity—is Azorin's "Lope en Silueta" (Madrid: Cruz y Raya. 3 ptas.), in which the main features of his career are set forth. A rather charming whimsy is a sketch of Lope's life compass, on which North, South, East, and West are replaced by characteristic quotations from his works: "I am my own successor"; "God protect me from Myself"; "In love, truth and lies are one"; "Vital Facility." These, in Azorín's view, summarize the man that was Lope Felix de Vega Carpio.

Double-Crostics: No 80

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-seven words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 40 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. Current non-canonical sayings attributed to Jesus.	162 24 134 44 78 101 74
II. Cornish king in "Tristan and Isolde."	13 85 149 66
III. Thick gruel.	106 116 46 145 96 133 63 113
IV. To enroll in a jury.	8 21 76 150 29 73 115
V. Heroine of a tragedy by Masefield.	95 121 157
VI. To deviate from the main subject.	137 104 17 68 28 81 147
VII. Roughly frank.	114 105 47 67 169
VIII. One who follows a selective method.	140 39 112 62 57 127 159 152
IX. Liturgical beginning of Jewish month (two words).	92 65 139 41 58 32 155 129 45 161
X. Husband of Enid (Idylls of the King).	70 125 88 60 48 118 160
XI. Tangled or out of order (slang).	43 77 146 94 38 31 98
XII. Goddess of Victory (Greek).	23 132 166 79
XIII. To restrain by fear or wonder.	93 97 154 83 33 36 164
XIV. Apostate, false.	80 123 59 130 108 69 167 4
XV. A Thackeray pseudonym.	100 156 53 142 131 99 16 91
XVI. Hero of a novel by Charles Kingsley.	37 102 61 141 158 119 11 34
XVII. Diagonally ribbed textile fabric.	82 117 22 72 49
XVIII. The mountain on which Hercules built his funeral pyre.	64 42 5 136
XIX. Two (poetic).	90 120 14 71 126
XX. Characters in "Gulliver's Travels."	128 6 56 122 40 144 54 15 86 75
XXI. To exclude.	170 3 148 19 163 30
XXII. A mountain the Titans piled on Olympus.	143 55 12 109
XXIII. Negligent.	7 87 27 168 138 107
XXIV. A constant irritating desire.	111 50 25 153
XXV. Shifty, equivocal.	26 9 20 35 52 124 2
XXVI. A river in Manitoba.	1 84 18 110 135 165
XXVII. Muscular power.	151 103 10 51 89

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 47*)

possessing any philosophy whatever, Dr. Simonds presents an able and readable survey; he also has the intelligence and honesty to acknowledge that American foreign policy in the post-war years tried "to achieve the impossible." But the United States is not the only nation that has followed a hopeless foreign policy nor is Dr. Simonds the only Jeremiah in the world. Dr. Max Beer's recent study of German foreign policy, Trotzky's attacks on Stalin, and the assaults on Stanley Baldwin from the Tory Churchill and the communist Palme Dutt suggest that the whole world exhibits symptoms of the same disease that Dr. Simonds detects only in the United States. This writer does not ask Dr. Simonds to share his belief that the disease in question is imperialist decay; he does not even demand any specific faith. But he does demand that so good a reporter at least perceive that for the past fifteen years our State Department has functioned as an adjunct of the British Foreign Office and that in matters of foreign policy America has not yet attained Dominion status.

Q. H.

Miscellaneous

PAYING THROUGH THE TEETH. By Bissell B. Palmer. Vanguard. 1935. $2.

The Vanguard Press, publishers of "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs," and similar examples of plain talking, come through with another bubble-puncturing book.

Dr. Palmer, who is a former president of the American College of Dentists and Editor of the *New York Journal of Dentistry,* comes right out and names names, critically analyzing various tooth bleaches, pastes, powders, washes, and the like. He discusses pyorrhea quackery, reviews the history of dentifrices and the dentifrice industry, and gives tables showing the net working capital of the leading companies and the amounts they spend on radio and magazine advertising.

Among other things, Dr. Palmer discusses the Federal Food and Drugs Act, talks of ways to put teeth in it—no pun intended—, tells of various government actions against misbranded dental nostrums, and, most important, perhaps, for the consumer, lists certain dentifrices accepted by the Council on Dental Therapeutics. You will be surprised to see how few of those accepted you ever heard of.

Dr. Palmer tells us that his prime object in writing this book was to acquaint the public with the false claims made for dentifrices by their manufacturers so that the public, armed with knowledge, could resist being taken in. In the second place, he was anxious that the manufacturers who coöperate with the dental profession by establishing acceptable standards for both the ingredients and the advertising of their products, receive the moral support of the profession and the public. And, thirdly, he felt that it was of utmost importance that national, state, and local laws be enacted and enforced to protect consumers against fraudulent advertising. He hopes that his book may help bring consumer pressure to bear on legislators to that end.

C. G. (D.D.S.)

$2

"What most engages your interest, seems most disturbing, perhaps, or most hopeful, as you survey your chosen field, looking before and after?"

In response to this query addressed to them by our Editor, twenty distinguished contributors to earlier issues of THE YALE REVIEW sent us letters, which we publish, following a graceful prefatory essay by the Editor, Governor Cross, in the Autumn YALE REVIEW, as a

Silver Anniversary Postbag

The authors of these letters—representing many branches of Science, the Arts and Public Affairs—are *James Rowland Angell, C. G. Abbot, William H. Chamberlin, Mary Colum, Arthur H. Compton, Harvey Wiley Corbett, St. John Ervine, Edgar S. Furniss, W. J. Henderson, Alvin Johnson, Robert Edmond Jones, Walter Lippmann, Thomas Mann, H. L. Mencken, Thomas Hunt Morgan, Lewis Mumford, Henry Norris Russell, Sir Arthur Salter, André Siegfried, Edward P. Warner.*

Also in the Anniversary Number

UNFINISHED BUSINESS
James Truslow Adams
The fantastic journey we have traveled in the past quarter-century.

THE GREATER GALAXY
George W. Gray
A fascinating picture of the development of our conception of the stellar universe.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE NEW DEAL
Howard Lee McBain
The difficulties faced by New Dealers in amending the Constitution without bestowing upon Congress unforeseen and unforeseeable powers.

FEDERAL AID FOR THE CITY
Harold W. Dodds
The President of Princeton discusses the fine line between cooperation and control.

INVESTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES
Ray Morris
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The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

Summer Harvest

WHEN this column was temporarily suspended in anticipation of the summer solstice, books for review and news of all kinds were scant on my shelf. But as the heat and dampness of July and August forced an almost tropical growth in our gardens, so the progress of summer brought forth innumerable typographic items which sought the sunlight (if I may so flatter myself!) of this department. If I clear my shelf of accumulated treasures in preparation for the winter's output, it must be at the risk of doing perhaps something less than justice to the summer's harvest. The brevity of the following notes will, I hope, be viewed in light of the situation, and not as reflecting on the interest or value of the items which lie before me.

Hawthorne House Publications

Mr. Edmund B. Thompson of Windham, Connecticut, continues to put out a small number of carefully printed books. If they are in a minor key, they are nevertheless perfectly done, and when experimental typography is attempted it is done with skill and decorum. "Death in April," by Brendan Gill, takes the hardest of problems—the book of poetry—and makes a comely book. One hundred and sixty copies have been printed. "The Hungry Steam Shovel" is an entertaining little collection of ten stories written by boys of the Litchfield School, Connecticut, who have also contributed two pictures in color. Five hundred copies of this real "juvenile" have been printed, at $1. Mr. Thompson also announces an edition of Bacon's Essays which should be worth looking for. His modest little printing-office at Windham, in the quiet country of Eastern Connecticut, is a heartening experiment in sane living and sane typography.

Life of James W. Marshall

When a book can be picked up, opened, handled, and read with sensuous satisfaction, it is likely to be well printed. To make such a book ought to be simple: actually to do it is one of the most difficult of jobs. Such a book comes near to being a work of art. Increasingly the books of the Grabhorn Press have this distinction. The latest at hand—"The Life and Adventures of James W. Marshall"—is California printing in its general aspect, with that careful attention to every detail which one expects from the Grabhorns; in addition it has that singular quality of "bookishness" which the eighteenth century books so often had and twentieth century books so often lack. This story of the discoverer of gold in California is a small octavo volume, containing Marshall's own story, with introduction and notes by G. Ezra Dane. It is published by George Fields, San Francisco, at the low price of $2.50—though there is a limited edition of fifty copies at $7.50.

THE LADY FROM ARMENTIÈRES. In 1930 Mr. Melbert B. Cary, Jr., issued from his private Press of the Woolly Whale an anthology of verses about Mlle. from Armentières—the girl friend of all dough-boys. He has now brought out a second volume, larger, and happily including considerable information as to the antecedents, poetical and musical, of the verses. Lelage and Mademoiselle are more alive than Cæsar and Pershing, and these two volumes are more important than any military history of the World War can hope to be.

THE PETER PAUPER PRESS (Peter Beilensen, New Rochelle, N. Y.), on the other hand, sends out its announcement of six new titles in its series of moderate priced books, in a typographic form which is exquisitely done. And the books selected (which sell for $5 a copy) are worthwhile titles.

GENTLEFOLK IN THE MAKING. (University of Pennsylvania Press, 1935.) Mr. John E. Mason in this book has made a considerable study of English courtesy literature and related topics from 1531 (when Sir Thomas Elyot's "Boke Named the Gouvenour" appeared) to 1774. It is soundly printed, with good colotype illustrations; an extended Bibliographical Note takes the place of a definite check list, and there is an ample index.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CHARAKA CLUB. (Columbia University Press, 1935, $5.) In the avocations of professional men, the literary field, as well as the artistic, would seem to be more adequately covered by doctors than by any other group. The Charaka Club, whose first publication was dated 1926, now issues volume eight of its "papers." In a charmingly simple and well printed volume the contributions range from strictly medical subjects, through bookplates, to camera studies of quite non-medical subjects. There is a distinct literary flavor about the book, and evidence of wide interests. The illustrations in collotype are admirable in scale; there is a list of the members of the Club, and a list of articles in previous publications; altogether an interesting and very well made book.

THE HERITAGE PRESS. Mr. George Macy, who has made a success of his Limited Editions Club, announces a new series of books to be issued by The Heritage Press. The aim of the new publishing venture is to issue a "series of beautiful books in unlimited editions to be offered at a comparatively low price for widespread sale in the bookshops." It is proposed to issue six titles this autumn.

THE FINE BOOK CIRCLE. This new publishing venture seems to be closely modelled on the Limited Editions Club—volumes designed and printed by individual printers, sent regularly to the members of the circle. The price of individual volumes is to be $3, and the list of titles is not impressive and the scheme is too imitative to create much enthusiasm on the part of this reviewer—though the books may turn out well when actually issued.

THE ALPRESS PRINTERS, Philadelphia, with more pertinacity than taste, send out a packet of twelve broadsides, and announcements of future books, all printed in execrable style with poor type faces.

LITURGICAL ARTS: A Quarterly devoted to the Arts of the Catholic Church. The stability of the Roman church in the midst of universal chaos is no new phenomenon, and to a liberal is often infuriating, but there is a welcome serenity and intelligence in the get-up of this magazine, as well as concrete evidence that the arts of church building and furnishing are not neglected by the more thoughtful of the Roman communion. Text and illustrations are well handled, and quite without the medieval character so often considered essential in such printing.

Selected Poems of Thomas Holley Chivers is a thin little pamphlet containing some mellifluous, meaningless meanders of the "lost poet of Georgia," issued by Clarke W. Walton of Monroe, N. C.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
WHILE THE CROWD CHEERS *Karl Tunberg* (Macaulay: $2.)	Novel	Blond, handsome football giant tries to cash in on his All-American rep. and finds the dice loaded. Two dames furnish the love angle.	Safety
CHIVALRY *Rafael Sabatini* (Houghton Mifflin Co.: $2.50.)	Romantic Adventure	Italy in the 15th century and De Mille era with Ser Colombino setting 'em up in a big way for the fair Samaratina.	Paprika
RUSTLERS' ROUND-UP *E. B. Mann* (Morrow: $2.)	Western	Western cow dick plays his role in G-man fashion rounding up the Tonopah gang.	Action Galore
ANCHOR MAN *Fanny Heaslip Lea* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Novel	The Cobb family, Annapolis, and the Navy are no strangers. Young John Cobb is the latest recruit to carry the colors for Uncle Sam, granny Cobb, and the honey.	Swell

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AUCTIONS

COLLECTORS, LIBRARIES, will be interested in important auction of First Editions, Americana, Autographs, Special Items taking place next season starting October. Opportunity to purchase rare items at reasonable prices. You can bid by mail. Write for FREE CATALOG of next auction. Chicago Book & Art Auction Co., 410 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 1, Chicago, Ill.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS, CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNES, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. ALFRED F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Ave., New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, rare and out-of-print books. Catalogue. FRED R. JONES, Oceanside, Long Island.

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EXPERT REVISION often secures acceptance. This I can give. Jack London and Arnold Bennett endorsed my work; Carl Van Doren, Ernest Rhys still do so. Editor *Representative Modern Short Stories* (Macmillan); formerly with Doubleday and Street & Smith. Established 1912. ALEXANDER JESSUP, Midland Park, New Jersey.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes completing libraries, also procuring out-of-print books reasonably. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

RARE BOOKS

LISTS solicited of "BOOKS WANTED" or "FOR SALE." MENDOZA BOOK CO., 15 Ann Street, N. Y. The Oldest "Old Bookshop" in New York.

RARE, OUT-OF-PRINT, New, USED, Occultism, Mysticism, Theosophy, Astrology, Philosophy, Psychology, Eastern Religions. The Gateway, 30 E. 60th St., New York.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES. An old-time hostelry, and unspoiled countryside —In the metropolitan area. Illustrated booklet on request. Norwalk, Telephone 2300, Connecticut.

DISCREET YOUNG WOMAN, Colonial descent, desires position in New York. Assets: Typing, shorthand, gift of thawing strangers. Liabilities: Fine musical education, knowledge of art, literature, flair for color and design. Box 706-A.

SOUTHERNER, 24, deprived of Fifth Avenue buses and the Philharmonic, would like to continue her summer's explorations by letters. Neither Young nor Faulkner model. Box 703-A.

GIRL, 19, inveterate letter-writer with insatiable appetite for overflowing mailbox will exchange letters with reasonably respectable men, aged 16-96. Army or navy men, travelers afar, men of adventurous leanings particularly encouraged. Since object is amusement, not romance, sentimental bores will be firmly repulsed. Box 700-A.

MANHATTAN GENTLEMAN, 42, seeks permanent friends possessing well balanced interests. Box 715-A.

RADIO for sale. $10. 1933 A C Savil. Box 717-A.

NEW YORKER, 33, worker interested in philosophy, Kulturgeschichte, German, English Literatures, desires interesting correspondence. Box 718-A.

WISCONSIN-BRED WOMAN, thirtyish, once college instructor, later pleasantly efficient secretary, desperately needs interesting remunerative work anywhere. Box 719-A.

DETROITERS, IF ANY, SPEAK! Free lance writer, 35, gasping for conversational air—for talk of books, travel, music and for the sound of laughter. Ruth, Box 720-A.

WANTED: Second-hand electric phonograph. Please state size, age, make, price. Box 721-A.

DOES ANY mature and unattached man want to write trials and tribulations out of his system to a mature unattached and understanding woman? Box 722-A.

FOR SALE—Complete set Saturday Review of Literature, from Vol. I No. 1 to Vol. XII No. 21. Perfect condition. In press-board portfolios. Fifty dollars. Box 723-A.

YOUNG WOMAN suffering Manhattan lonelyitis wants acquaintance lady similar predicament. Box 724-A.

HAVING helped nurse a biography through a critical state of elephantias and anemia, am again on the loose. Although a woman, have successfully edited a man's club magazine, have written reams of woman's page stuff, some department store advertising experience. Can write shorthand. In New York October 14-28. Chicago after November 4. Offers? One at a time please. Box 725-A.

EMERGENCY MAN, optimistic but threadbare, has hopeless wardrobe. Who can revive? Box 726-A.

GENTLEMAN of thirty, personable, urbane, vertebrate, liking dancing, whimsicalities, exclusive rendevaux, sentimental enchantments and Proustian subjectivism (hear! hear!) wishes to correspond with attractive replicas of the Colonel's lady. Box 727-A.

GENTLEMAN, 30, amiable, has spare pleasant room in midtown studio apartment. Available free to cultivated personality needing shelter. Box 728-A.

QUIET ROOM with private family in modern apartment wanted by cultured business man; Greenwich Village. Box 730-A.

CULTIVATED VIRGINIA WOMAN, social abilities, music, cards; tactful; as hostess, companion, chauffeur, or executive situation with children. Box 121, Dennis, Massachusetts.

PERSONALS

TRAVELED, cultured woman, fond of young people, will act as companion-guide to one or two girls going abroad for study or travel; social and business experience, drive car. Box 729-A.

POSITION of any kind wanted in Boston by intelligent young woman. Good typist, literary and executive ability. Pay must cover commuter's expenses. Bostonian in Exile. Box 732-A.

WANTED: To know the whereabouts of the Man of my Dreams, who rode on the M. C. arriving in Detroit from Chicago Sept. 17. Box 733-A.

WANTED—Historical information regarding Sockumtown "Moors" of Milton, Delaware; small remuneration. Box 734-A.

ENJOY AUTUMN WEEKENDS in hospitable New England home. M. Nelson, Cannondale, Conn.

WANTED—Young writer willing go South this winter who will give three hours daily secretarial work. Board and small salary. References and interview. REgent 4-1576.

COLLEGE WOMAN will share apartment with woman who wants an attractive, well appointed home with complete independence. Write Kellogg & Eddy, 1 East 57th St.

GENTLEMAN in light, airy office seeks occupant to share low expense; suitable literary or business purposes. Box 735-A.

WILL THE HEYWOOD BROUN FAN who telephoned our office last Monday for an autographed copy of IT SEEMS TO ME please call again? Ask for Miss Smith. Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York.

GRANT WOOD'S

"Revolt Against the City" 90c

"It makes a strong appeal for the encouragement of non-urban and regional art."—Christopher Morley, Saturday Review of Literature. Now Available.

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A series of sonnets on Chaucer and Chaucerian characters. Available October 10th.

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Poems dealing with nature and living in Iowa. Available November 20th. These four issues of the "Whirling World Series" consist of material that would not otherwise find itself in print. Edited by Frank Luther Mott, Director School of Journalism, University of Iowa.

CLIO PRESS, Iowa City, Iowa

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BY GLADYS TABER

The dramatic story of a mature man, empty-handed, who finds himself unable to offer a home or a future to the woman he loves. By the author of "Late Climbs the Sun"

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

A LETTER FROM OLD QUERCUS:—☞Colleagues, I have decided to extend my vacancy a little further. I am out at Guthy's Riverside Diner, well known to motorists on Long Island (Route 25). It is one of the best Eating Wagons in the East, and I am trying to win the $200 prize Mr. Guthy offers every year for largest fish caught in L. I. waters. ☞Between meals I sit at a table (lady attendants, says Guthy's folder) and mull over my knapsack of memoranda. ☞Please ask the Mermaids to do something for me. It is 300 years since Old Parr, the famous centenarian of Shropshire, said to be 150 years longevitous, was taken to court to see the King; and perished of excitement. A whiskey was named for him; a very worthy brand of Scotch. I want to drink a bottle of it to celebrate the old gaffer, my homologue. Before I left town I visited John David and other dealers in spirits; none of them had any Old Parr. They say so much phony Old Parr was bootlegged here during Prohibition it gave the brand a bad name. This should not be. Instruct the Mermaids to scour the town until they find some geniune Old Parr and send me a flagon.

☞Speaking of Mermaids, I had a nice note from Ellen Shaffer, one of the niñas del mar of Dawson's famous book-shop in Los Angeles. She was in N. Y. on her way home after a summer of buying for Father Dawson in London; so trade on the Coast evidently is on the up. ☞When I was at Martha's Vineyard I saw a sunburned man on the beach passionately enjoying a sheet of figures. It was Max Schuster of the Inner Sanctum; he had a memo of circulation statistics of the libraries of that Island. Very remarkable: Chilmark, population 252, circulated in 1934 no less than 6,324 books. Edgartown, population 1,276, circulated 20,616. Gay Head, population 161, circulated 2,593. Average number of library books circulated in Gay Head per week, 49. ☞"I got these figures from Henry Hough, publisher of the *Vineyard Gazette*," said Mr. Schuster, turning over to fry the other shoulder-blade. "What this country could do for books if such figures were general." ☞In the little volume of publishing reminiscence by Mr. George Harrap of London (pub. here by Harcourt) I enjoyed a note about old Mynheer Meyer Elte, the bookseller of The Hague. He began business selling books from a barrow which he wheeled daily from The Hague to Delft and back. He now uses a picture of that wheelbarrow as emblem on his letterhead. ☞If Mynheer Elte will send me one of his letterheads I'd love to reproduce it in Trade Winds. ☞To Quercus Minimus: in New Haven I met a scholar who says, apply to Mr. Canby for the really authentic recipe for *Fish House Punch*. It was a black sheep ancestor of Mr. Canby (a Tatnall, I believe?) who gave the original formula to the Fish House Club in Philadelphia.

☞I met an automobile salesman here at the diner; he says that the big Motor Companies make their executives take out a new car every six weeks. ☞How about making everybody in the publishing business always carry a new book in public? ☞Among the catalogues with me is one from Bertram Rota of 14 Old Burlington St., London. He lists a tragic item: Lovat Fraser's last drawing, a caricature of himself on an operating-table. This was done in hospital (June 17, 1918) while Fraser was waiting for the operation of which he died. ☞Most interesting to an ecclesiast like myself the new list of Rare and Ancient Bibles offered by the Old Bible Dealer Edwin Rumball-Petre of Grace Court Chambers, Brooklyn, N. Y.

☞A. A. F. writes me that Mr. Rumball-Petre had imported a noble old Coverdale Bible to solemnize the 400th anniversary of that work; but an English lady visiting in Boston heard of it and hurried right down to Brooklyn to buy it. "I'm going to take this back to England where it belongs," she said. ☞Here's the little booklet *Art in New York*, "a guide to things worth seeing," by Florence Levy, published (30c by mail) by the Municipal Art Society, 119 East 19 St. ☞I've so often wondered what became of the good old bust of Wash. Irving that used to stand in Bryant Park: is it the one now mentioned by Florence Levy as being in front of the Irving High School on Irving Place? ☞LATER: I have moved over to the beautiful little Roosevelt Bird Sanctuary in Oyster Bay and am reading the mail which was forwarded here. The R. B. S. prints a list of shrubs and trees which people should plant to provide food for birds the year round. At this season the fowls of the air are feeding on mountain ash, dogwood berries, and juniper. ☞But who will plant the perennial pulp that keeps a bookseller alive? ☞I hear the yowl of the bookseller chasing his musky fox thru the plowlands: a voice as musical-sombre as Bugle (or Beagle) Anne's. ☞My progress through these Long Island shires is marked by little heaps of ashes, where I squat to read my bag of publishers' flimsies, then burn them and trudge on. ☞Collectors of typothetics will do well to pester the Mergenthaler Linotype Co. (Brooklyn) for a copy of the pamphlet *Emblems and Electra*, a Benét-Dwiggins item. ☞I was not surprised when a couple of N. Y. erotica publishers were hauled up by the Post Office dicks lately for circulating obscene come-ons for "Strange, Occult, Curious and Eccentric" books. The good old SATURDAY REVIEW—unlike some of its contemporaries—has been refusing their advertising for years. ☞It is 25 years since the first Doubleday Doran bookstore was opened—the one in the arcade of the then mint-new Pennsylvania Station, N. Y. C. Now Cedric Crowell, the strong silent Seneca of the D.D. shops, celebrates the quarter century by opening the new Chicago shop at 10 N. Michigan Avenue. Please ask the Mermaids to send a Greetings Telegram for the occasion.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SMOKE SCREEN *Christopher Hale* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	Forest fire: inimical summer residents: strange deaths: vacationing police officer pierces smoke haze to killer.	Fine north-woods background, continuous crackle of flame and action: some humor: good unobtrusive sleuthing.	Extra Good
BURN FOREVER *Leslie Ford* (Farrar and Rinehart: $2.)	U. S. Rev. Agent and aged mountaineer murdered in Tenn. mts. Brother agent carries on successfully.	Wild mountain scenery, engaging characters, logical open-and-shut deduction. Also purty romance.	Capital
THE CURSE OF THE COLOPHON *Edgar J. Goodspeed* (Willett, Clark and Colby: $2.)	Byzantine mss. with promise of treasure, and deadly curse, leads scholars to thrills in Near East. (No murders.)	Slight odor of lamp and Burton-Holmesy travelog effects only defects in engaging adventure-mance.	Mildly Exciting
MURDER AT THE PIANO *George Bagby* (Covici Friede: $2.)	Much hated virtuoso and N. Y. gangster slain in former's music-room. Insp. Schmidt, with mizry, solves crime.	Some corking good talk, believable musical background and twisty solution — to strains of Brahms.	*fff!*
THE TRAGIC CURTAIN *Stanley Hart Page* (Dial Press: $2.)	Grouchy plutocrat's family and friends die one by one; killer even sniping at detective Chris. Hand.	Mr. H. and entourage are a bit too stagy to suit this chile, but there's always something doing.	Fair-to-Middlin'
MURDER ON THE APHRODITE *Ruth Burr Sanborn* (Macmillan: $2.)	Jewel-mad hostess on houseboat killed in crazy party. Insurance man locates killer.	It has atmosphere, zip, good characterizations —and an end that you *do* want to believe.	Above Par

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The extraordinary account of a French scientist's adventures in Abyssinia—that little known African country which is so valiantly defying Italy.

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BURNERS OF MEN

The Book that Won the Famed 1934 French Prix Gringoire

By Marcel Griaule, Famous Scientist and Explorer

I'D LIVE IT AGAIN

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The refreshing autobiography of a British Army Surgeon, revealing his life in India before the World War. A gusty, thrilling book, with enough true adventures to fill a dozen good novels. *11 illustrations.* $2.50.

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By Sarah Atherton

The woods and fields were an open book to George Greyhawk, the Indian, but when George fell in love with the pretty, city-bred information clerk in a great department store, he was very much like a fish out of water. The entrancing story of a modern Indian's wooing. $2.

THE GOLDEN GRINDSTONE

By Angus Graham

In 1896, George M. Mitchell led a party of gold-seekers to the Klondike across a wilderness inhabited by the last unconquered Indian tribe in North America. Here is the almost incredible tale of his adventures. *With illustrations and maps.* $2.50.

WHETHER THERE BE KNOWLEDGE

By Robert Henderson

A vigorous, vivid story of youth in a large American university, woven against a background of fraternity rough-houses, college politics, and campus seductions that ring true to the last word. At all bookstores, $2.50.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

By Count Michael De La Bedoyere

A new life of the "Father of Our Country," written by an Englishman. It should be in the library of every American interested in the early colonial history of the United States. *Illustrated.* $3.

CAT ACROSS THE PATH

By Ruth Feiner

The story of the disturbing Sula Kiess, whose fateful magnetism, sinuous beauty and unmoral views play havoc with three men's lives. *The choice of the English Book Guild and recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club.* $2.50.

MEN AND MOUNTAINS

By M. Ilin, "The Hendrik Van Loon of Sovietland"

Russian scientists have been making some of the most astounding experiments science has ever known. Here is a description of the remarkable results that have been achieved, related with that same aggressive, delightful sparkle and interest that has made M. Ilin the most popular non-fiction writer in the Soviet. Original Russian illus. $2.50.

MULES AND MEN

By Zora Neale Hurston

Typical sermons by colored preachers, 62 folktales, and a number of original negro songs (with music), together with the author's almost unbelievable experiences as assistant to the greatest Negro Hoodoo Doctors. Only the confidence the Negro has in his own race, permitted Miss Hurston to obtain these long hidden secrets. 10 illustrations by Covarrubias, $3.

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By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

Singing in the Wilderness

A SALUTE TO JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

"There has been no finer writing than this in years."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "Somehow touches the secret of a continent."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.50

AN ALMANAC FOR MODERNS. *By Donald Culross Peattie.* Drawings by Lynd Ward. $3.00

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